

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

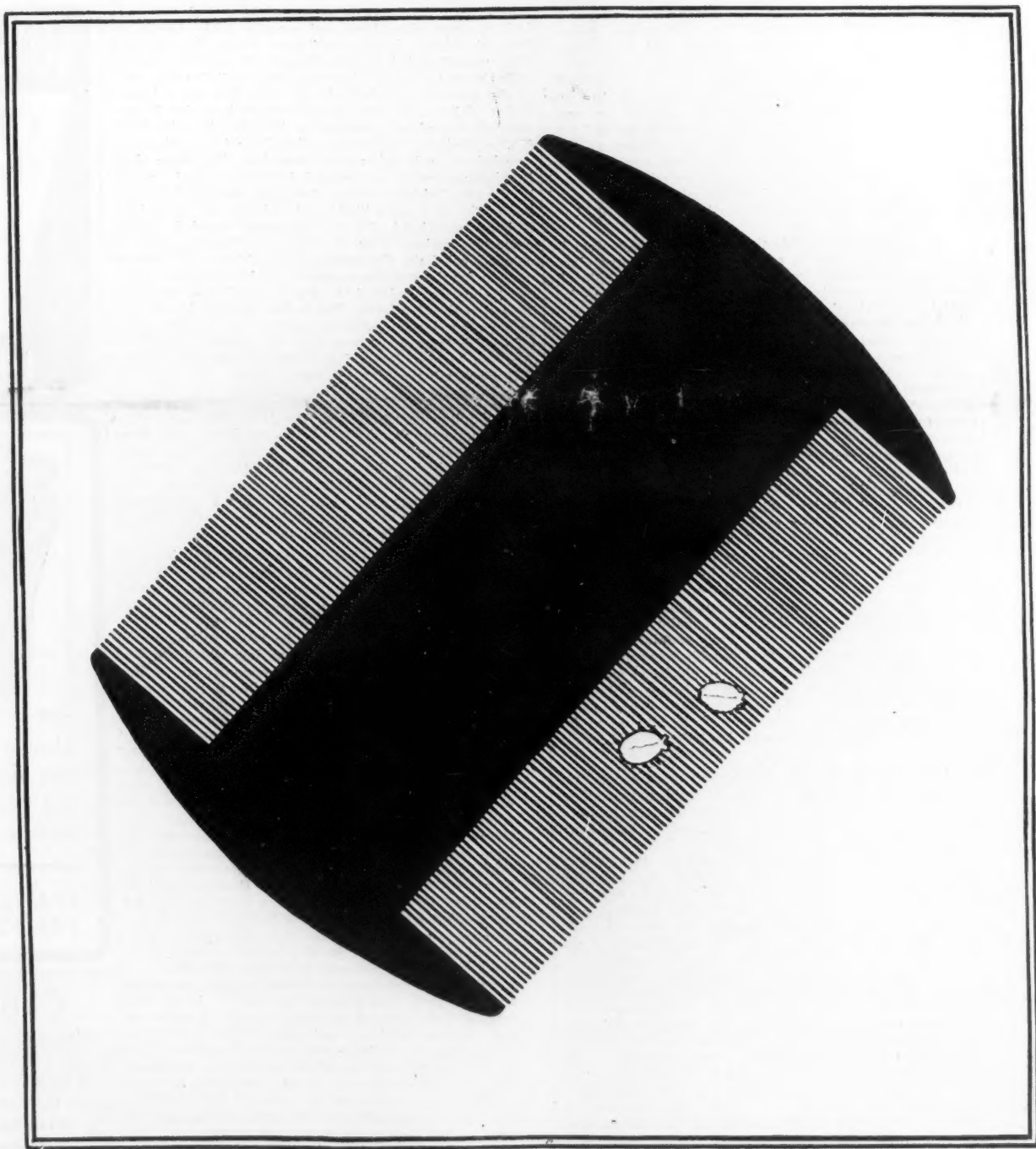
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Toronto Has Combed Its Hair



This Is What!

Things in General

It would be interesting to know in how many homes throughout the country a father or a brother or a son has, during the past few weeks, rattled his paper, hit with his hand a big heading referring to the collapse of the York County Loan and Savings Company, and grunted, "I told you so," at some female member of the household. The operations of the York Loan were largely among women, and the assumption may be hazarded that many unwise feminine speculators are now bitterly regretting secret investments in this company. Many a wife has no doubt thought to pleasantly surprise her husband by proving herself a successful financier, and has placed the family savings where, through the blandishments of a smooth female canvasser, she believed they would grow and multiply in a manner that would make bank interest look silly. The number of little secret investments of money that are made would probably astound the average person who gives little thought to such matters. If the books of the York Loan were opened to the public and a complete statement of its receipts published there would be a good many surprises. Sometimes a wife thinks her husband is too timid about using his money to the best advantage; sometimes the case is reversed, and the husband confides to his friends that he would have been rich long ago if his wife was not always in such deadly fear of letting a dollar get out of her sight farther than in the savings bank on the corner. Perhaps it is a bright son, perhaps a smart daughter, who believes that "Nothing venture, nothing win" is the secret of all financial success. It is the canvasser's business to reach the right member of the household.

Some people seem to enjoy losing their money, and on this class it is idle to waste pity when the debris is being raked up and examined after the smash-up of a loan company or a similar institution. In many cases, however, the results are truly pitiful. For example, when a hard-working, thrifty, but foolish or ill-advised woman honestly hands over to a company which she is led to believe is safe, hard-earned savings which are to aid in some unselfish aim, it is heart-breaking news to her when she hears that her money, or most of it, is gone, and her purpose—perhaps the purpose of a lifetime—is miserably defeated. There are people who are not in a position to discriminate among financial institutions, and such as these should be protected by the Government assuming, as far as possible, a fiduciary guardianship over them.

These remarks are not intended to apply specifically to the case of the York Loan, but to all companies accepting deposits and conducting their business in a manner dangerous to the interests of those who have entrusted them with their money. The results of the winding-up of this company are uncertain, and just what proportion of their claims the shareholders will receive is problematical, though it is now thought they will recover about sixty-six cents on the dollar. The collapse of the company may be a warning to foolish investors; it may not. Slight attention seems to have been paid to the recent failure of other loan companies. In view of these facts it is to be hoped that the investigation now in progress will be as thorough as could be desired, and that the Government will provide against the future growth in the province of anything in the shape of an irresponsible financial octopus.

THE death of Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, has no special significance to the people of Canada, outside of Quebec, other than that it leaves a vacancy in the Dominion Cabinet. Mr. Prefontaine was a man of great energy and was for years the virtual Boss of Montreal. His record as Mayor of that city, although not wanting in progressiveness, was not a creditable one. His appointment to the Cabinet was not looked upon with favor by those acquainted with his career, most of whom regarded him as a politician of the frankly unscrupulous and plebeian type. As far as can be learned, however, he proved as capable an administrator of his department as the majority of his colleagues, and individually was never known to express opinions antagonistic to British or Imperial sentiment. On the whole it may be assumed that the Cabinet will be weakened by Mr. Prefontaine's death, because his place will, no doubt, be filled by an even more tried and trusted henchman of Sir Wilfrid.

THE fact that each of the mayoralty candidates has seen fit to announce his street railway policy indicates that the state of our local traffic is at last receiving serious attention from those who are seeking to represent the long-suffering city. While crowds of Christmas shoppers have recently increased the difficulties of the situation, the inadequacy of the service as shown during the past fortnight has been inexcusable. Those sardine cans on wheels known as the Toronto street cars have been packed to a denseness which is not only inconvenient but indecent. The man "who is next to a man" who is hanging on to a strap is lucky indeed, and as the crowds increase the strap-holders bid fair to become an exclusive and haughty body with all the defects of a privileged order. The people who waded from the white poles of Fleming fame to the cars through mud that was as murky as the company's record, are not slow in expressing their opinion of the freak stopping-places which mar the highway. The residents of Parkdale are peculiarly unblest in the matter of transportation, but their tame submission to the ills they have is not conducive to an improvement in traffic accommodation. Last week, more than an hour after the six o'clock rush, a Parkdale man stood for many weary minutes at the corner of King and Yonge streets dreaming that such a creation as the King street car might appear before eight o'clock. Three cars bearing that title

came and passed, but as they also bore an intimation that their limit was Spadina avenue, the man who lives in Parkdale merely said things, and waited for a King street car true to its name. We have suffered so long from the company's sins of omission that their doing the things they ought to do would probably scare us all into a fit. It has been remarked frequently that the courtesy of the C. P. R. head officials has exerted an influence upon all subordinates of the road, who, as a rule, treat the public with a consideration that gives the best aspect of the amenities of travel. The increasing roughness and lack of consideration on the part of many of the employees of the Street Railway Company are merely a reflection of the discourtesy and cynical disregard of public rights on the part of the mismanagers of the whole system. But it really looks as if the dear public were tired of being jollied and jellied and were going to make the mayoralty candidates sit up and make a declaration regarding their street railway policy. More lines, more cars, and something remotely resembling an adherence to a time-table are what every citizen ardently desires.

SEASONABLE and seductive magazine advertisement tells how a turkey lusted a family a week by the aid of a much-heralded extract manufactured in the United States. How many people there are who worry themselves wrinkled and grey in planning how they can live a frivolous turkey-fricandeau life instead of a wholesome roast beef existence! The popular magazines are full of suggestions as to how people may cut a dash on a meagre salary. The perfection of the *Becky Sharp* art of living fashionably on nothing a year seems to be the characteristic aim of the day. When men and women who should know better come to look upon life as merely a series of artificial sensations, it is a matter for small wonder that the younger generations should go out into the world lacking a sense of proportion and imbued with false ideas of what is worth while in life. It is not surprising that young girls grow up flippant and thoughtless and that young men steal from their employers to keep up appearances and have a "good time," when they see all about them evidences of a general belief that life is nothing but a fool picnic.

A CORRESPONDENT writing to the *Globe* deplors the neglected condition of cemeteries in the rural sections of Ontario. He says that after becoming accustomed to the trim and well-cared-for cemeteries of cities one experiences a shock in visiting the resting-places of the dead in country districts, and draws attention to the fact that "city cemeteries make provision for permanent maintenance by selling the plots at a sufficiently high price—within the reach of all—to establish a fund, the income of which will maintain the care of the cemetery for all time, while the country cemeteries make no provision for such a fund." The writer suggests as a remedy the forming of an association made up of representatives of the plots, each member contributing a fixed sum to a maintenance fund, which might be augmented by extra donations, the whole to be administered by a trust company.

It is certainly desirable that some plan be devised by which the cemeteries in small towns and country places could be transformed from their present state of unloveliness to some condition less suggestive of a complete forgetfulness of the dead, and a total disregard of the condition and appearance of a piece of ground which is a common possession and upon which the inhabitants of a small community are most often likely to gather together in a spirit of true neighborliness. There are many cemeteries standing on country hillside, grass-grown and unkempt, which a little organized effort would change to beautiful spots suggestive of restfulness and peace. It is a pity that tradition and sentiment, while crying out against the desecration of cremation, do not carry their influence further and insist that the homes of the dead be places breathing of quiet and fragrant memories instead of black desolation. The first step towards improving the condition of the average rural cemetery would be to remove it from the control of the municipal council, for as a rule the local authorities are shocked at, let us say, the extravagant suggestion of removing the usual entrance of a country cemetery—an old stile—to replace it with a gate. The appointment of a commission to control the funds and apply a rational policy of maintenance would seem to be the wisest course. Policies might vary according to local conditions, but, as with every other local improvement, the principal trouble would be in making a start. Once the idea of making it a beauty-spot which would be creditable to the community is fixed in the public mind the cemetery will scarcely be allowed to fall again into a state of neglect and desolation.

THE artificial solemnity which used to surround the opening of the year in the old-fashioned midnight service, during which harrowing tales were told and pledges extracted from an awed congregation, has almost disappeared in this practical age, and the first of January is a plain holiday with a smaller supply of turkey and trimmings than Christmas, to be followed, by a smaller dose of dyspepsia tablets. But those who have arranged for the beginning of the Torrey-Alexander meetings next Sunday afternoon have probably had the impressive old proceedings in mind. The record of saved souls to the credit of these two evangelists has been duly published in the daily papers, the statistics being highly encouraging to those who consider that Toronto the Good has recently been somewhat to the bad. If these alleged spiritual awakenings mean an increase in civic integrity and commercial honesty, Toronto would be much the better for a Torrey-Alexander housecleaning; but if they signify merely a few weeks of emotional talk about matters that most men prefer to keep to themselves, we could easily put up with their absence. We have native evangelists quite as glib in spiritual exposition and quite as successful in financial management as any Yankee preachers whom we may import. It would seem that United States evangelists, like actors and artists, must achieve a European success before they are able to arouse their native land to the most lively enthusiasm. After a tour in England of such returns as should rejoice the professional, the Torrey-Alexander brethren come to Toronto fresh from their British triumphs. It seems a trifle unpatriotic to greet the "furriner" with such demonstrations when we have our own Canadian artists quite capable of furnishing sensational heart-to-heart talks and such religious rag-time as the *Glory Song*.

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, since her "coming out," has displayed a strenuousity that is in her own sphere as unexampled as that which has given her father a unique position among the later-day occupants of the throne of the United States. Her foreign tour as an American princess was a tremendous success, and now that she is to be married the citizens of the republic are planning to collect by popular subscription the sum of \$800,000 for a wedding gift for her. In the raising of this fund there promises to be a display of enthusiasm equal to that shown in the mustering of the famous regiment of Rough Riders at the call of Mr. Roosevelt. In fact if these demonstrations of popular favor are to be compared it will be seen that the one tendered to the daughter is the more general and more thoroughly "Amurrican" tribute. When Teddy Roosevelt called for recruits to join him in licking the Spaniards there was a hearty response, but these "free-born Americans" who rallied to the call of the Rough Rider knew they had an easy thing in hand in setting out to annihilate any number

of Spaniards. Since then the President has scored greater victories as the Rough Rider of politics—but what are swords or votes in the great republic compared with the long green? Miss Roosevelt's tribute will be in cash, that essence of everything in the hearts and minds of the "American people." The President had better look to his laurels! Unless his daughter retires into the obscurity of domesticity as Mrs. Congressman Longworth he may find himself overshadowed. It is well that the idea of the proposed national wedding present originated in Oregon instead of in Ohio, because in the latter event the prospective bridegroom, Honorable Nicholas Longworth, Congressman from the Buckeye State, might have been accused of trying to win a little publicity on his own account. And indeed he is in need of publicity. Some of the United States papers are already bemoaning the fact that Congressman Longworth has done absolutely nothing to qualify as the winner of the princess's heart and hand. He has lived the life of an ordinary, sensible citizen. The "American people" know him not. If he had only organized a trust or published a yellow journal or gone over the Niagara Falls in a barrel, the nation would have acclaimed him as worthy of their princess. He did not even seize the opportunity of challenging the Sultan of Sulu to mortal combat. The wedding, it is true, does not take place until February, and he may be planning an astonishing and satisfactory *coup de theatre*, but this is doubtful, and anyway it would be too late to be effective. It may be just as well to remember that even a princess cannot have everything in the world—not though she be an "American" princess.

THE accounts in the papers of December 26 of Moscow's celebration of Christmas are a painful illustration of the limited area of the "peace upon earth, good-will towards men" conditions. On the same page with the reports of a prosperous season, great Christmas trade and the kindness shown to the poor and distressed we may read: "Desperate fighting has taken place in the streets of Moscow, fighting having been intermittently maintained since Friday last, and it still continues with bitterness, cruelty and inhumanity. There is no quarter and no truce and the streets have literally run with blood. . . . The driving force behind both the troops and the rebels is . . . the fury of superhuman hate."

The conditions in the city of the Kremlin do not promise an early subjugation of the insurgents, and among the rebels there is no promising material for real reformers. It is a scene of madness and anarchy, with hardly the hope of ultimate freedom to lighten the maniac darkness. The succeeding information that the Emperor is engaged daily in reviewing at Tsarskoe-Seloe and that the spirit of the troops is decidedly loyal, reads like the grimmest satire. Those who are always on the hunt for historic parallels are already comparing Nicholas II. with Louis XVI.—weakness rather than wickedness being the characteristic of each unfortunate sovereign. The story of the Russian autocracy is a record for lunacy and cruelty hardly equalled in any other chronicles, and the inhumanities of the past seem likely to be visited on the luckless and wavering head of a man who was intended for the monastery rather than the throne. "Après nous le déluge," cried the Pompadour to the king, who took no thought for the starving peasantry, and within the century the "rain descended and the floods came" and great was the fall of the Bourbons. But in Russia of to-day there is no such intellectual heaven as stirred in the France of 1789. Whatever may come of it all, we are hardly likely to see an "Age of Reason" in a country where the Tartar is just beneath the Slav surface.

THE following letter from Rev. H. S. Akehurst to the *Kamloops Standard* is being reprinted and commented upon very favorably by many of the newspapers of British Columbia. It is refreshing reading, coming as it does from a clergyman, who in taking broad and humanitarian views regarding Sunday observance leaves himself open to all sorts of charges, of which heresy may be the least. Mr. Akehurst says:

There have been sent to me forms of petitions to the Senate and Commons of Canada seeking the enactment of legislation on Sunday observance. May I be permitted space in your paper in which to explain why I am unable to sign these or canvass for signatures. These petitions must be taken in connection with the enacting clauses of the law which the Dominion Lord's Day Alliance is strenuously advocating. These petitions, besides making illegal the Sunday indulgence in many innocent recreations, will deprive many working people of the only opportunity they now enjoy of spending a few hours in the healthful open air of the country, and so escaping for a brief spell the soul-deadening surroundings of their daily life. This act will not prevent the rich from using their own carriages, boats and other conveyances, or from employing their domestic servants on the Lord's day, but the poor who cannot afford such possessions, and have few, if any, opportunities other than Sunday of using public conveyances for pleasure, will be debarred from doing so on that day. Must we conclude that hired service is for the rich a necessity, but for the poor a desecration of the Sabbath? Is it just to refuse a public concession of those kinds of recreation to the poor which the rich have long taken without hesitation? Above all, is it wise to multiply restrictions and requirements beyond what is essential, when we know that men so hemmed in break the artificial barriers, and in doing so with a sense of guilt become hardened and prepared to transgress commandments of divine and eternal obligation? Let us in all lawful and expedient ways try to ensure to every man his weekly day of rest, though that may not in all cases or on all occasions coincide with the Sunday. By all means lawful let us try to lead men to what we believe a right observance of that day. But as Christians we have no right to go further than St. Paul did when "one man esteemed one day above another," while "another esteemed every day alike," the apostle only said, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

Much of the work of the L. D. A. is commendable, but their proposed law in its present form seems neither advisable nor just, and to sign their petitions, though very general in form, would signify approval of the law.

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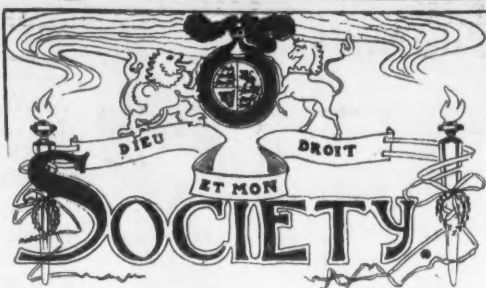
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WHAT it is that crowns one dance with rosy success and leaves another a gray failure no fellow can find out, though each has his own idea. Certainly the glory of a large ball is in its richly costumed and beautiful young matrons, as I have frequently remarked, and as was illustrated on Wednesday night at the King Edward, when a turnout of the smart young married people, which I have never seen excelled in Toronto, gave the last touch to what people are calling the best private dance of the century. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, generous host and hostess, had a family party full of charm, the hostess looking very dainty and smart in a lovely white velvet gown and fine jewels, and her two daughters, daughter-in-law and niece, each in her particularly style most attractive. Miss Matthews, sweetly pretty in white chiffon and Chantilly lace, the dress embroidered in delicate pink rosebuds, and her dark eyes beaming with the excitement of the happy occasion, looked a little queen of the revels. Miss Nora Hamilton, her fair and blue-eyed cousin, was simply gowned in flowered *organdie de soie*; Mrs. Wilmet Matthews, *nee* Osler of Craigleigh, wore a lavender crepe gown. Mrs. and Miss Matthews received at the east entrance to the ballroom, which was handsomely decorated with palms and flowers and blessed with a floor in such perfect condition that to dance was a delight. There were a number of visitors in town at the ball, Miss Barrow, a great friend of Miss Matthews, who has arrived out from England for what some English girls call their most cherished experience, a winter in Canada; Miss Alice Shaughnessy of Montreal, in a handsome primrose-tinted frock, Miss Stephens of Montreal, tall and graceful in satin pannelled with gold paillettes, Miss Ruby Ramsay of Montreal in pale blue satin with swathed bodice, Miss Jennie Fielding of Ottawa also in pale blue with encrustations of fine white lace, who came with Mrs. Mulock, and Miss Kortright in a plain white Liberty satin gown, who came with Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston. Among the brides were Mrs. Percy Myles in white *crepe de soie* and chiffon, Mrs. Temple Blackwood in pale blue, and Mrs. Bertie Cassels in pale pink. Mrs. Glyn Osler of Ottawa, Miss Estelle Holland of Montreal, Miss Gwynn of Dundas, Mr. Jack Creelman, Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick of R. M. C., who is fast growing into one of the handsomest young men in town, and dances beautifully; Captain Ridout, Dr. George Ryerson, Mr. Wyndham Newton, Mrs. Escombe, a handsome English cousin of Mrs. Harry Osborne, were a few of the out-of-town visitors or Christmas guests of their people who were at the ball. The Stanley Barracks contingent included most of the officers, Colonel Lessard, Captain Van Straubenzie, Mr. MacMillan, D.S.O., Mr. Morrison and Mr. Young being as usual *cavaliers bienvenus*; the Government House party, and that fascinating little maiden, Miss Eisdale, in a pink frock, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn in black with a wreath of red flowers on her pretty coiffure, Mrs. Magann, looking perfectly lovely in white satin; Mrs. Harry Osborne in a very full skirt of white with long black bretelles falling from the shoulders of the simple bodice to the hem before and behind, and the modish scarf, was the brightest of married belles; Mrs. Gordon Osler was exceedingly smart in a handsome satin gown, Mrs. Alec Mackenzie looked lovely, and Mrs. Arthur Grantham was the jolliest of the young married set. Mrs. R. J. Christie wore pale blue satin, Mrs. Mulock a white and gold costume; Mrs. Cawthra Mulock was in a dainty little gown clearing the floor, and looked charming. Commodore Haas escorted his smartly gowned wife, who wore pale pink encrusted with the loveliest lace, and her sister, Mrs. Sullivan, looked almost a little girl again in a simple white *d'esprit* frock, her dark eyes dancing with fun; Mrs. Gordon Macdonald wore a very handsome white chiffon satin gown, and was most becomingly *coiffée*. Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander wore a splendid white satin and diamonds; Mrs. W. R. Riddell was also sumptuously gowned in white with touches of palest blue and a pretty coronet on her charming grey coiffure, which is such a contrast to her youthful face and bright eyes. Mrs. Hal Osler was in black velvet and lace. Mrs. J. B. McLean looked very well in a smart and becoming gown. Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, who, with Mrs. Riddell, stood near the hostess until supper time, was also beautifully gowned. As for the *debutantes*, whose year is now at a close, they were as charming a group as society has ever welcomed. Miss Katherine Mackenzie in pale blue and tiny pink roses, Miss Somerville of Atherley in white satin and white roses, Miss Patti Warren in white, Miss Helen Matthews in pale blue, Miss Phyllis Lawlor in painted chiffon, posies of field daisies over pale pink; Miss Mary Clark, the very latest to come out, in white chiffon and satin, Miss Hemming in white, Miss Patti Armour in white crepe, Miss Alexander of Bon Accord looking well and having heaps of partners, are a few that occur to me while writing. Supper was served about eleven in the banquet hall, with overflow tables in the north-east part of the reserved corridor, and the same thoughtful and generous care which arranged every detail of this delightful dance was evident in the daintiness and elegance of the midnight feast. It is quite impossible to give a list of those who enjoyed Mrs. Matthews' princely hospitality, but a few were, Mr. and Miss Case, the Misses Clark Jones, the Misses McLeod, Major Cockburn, V.C., Messrs. Beardmore, Colonel Stimson, Major Michie, Miss Melvin-Jones in a lovely apricot gown with gold embroidered lace, Miss Maud Williams in pale blue, Miss Gladys Nordheimer in pale blue, and very welcome home, having returned from England last Saturday; the Misses Michie, Miss Florence Sprague in pink with marquis patches, Miss Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, the lady radiant in white and silver, Mrs. Bristol, Mr. Lace, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Dr. Norman McLeod, Dr. Lang, Mr. Bissett, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Victor Nordheimer, the Misses Nordheimer, the Misses Melfort Boulton, Miss Adele very smart in pink, Dr. McGillivray, Mr. and the Misses Heron, Mr. Houston, Miss Brouse, Miss Mary Osler of Craigleigh, Mr. Magann, Mr. Stuart Greer, Mr. Selby Martin, Mr. R. J. Christie, Mr. Mulock, Mr. Eddie Cronyn, Mr. Cambie, Mr. Eric Armour, a welcome visitor just back from England, Mr. Gordon Jones, Miss Phemie Smith, Mr. McMurray, Mr. Harry McMillan, Mr. Frank Gray, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Miss Codrington, Miss Kemp of Castle Frank, Mr. Henderson, Miss Mabel Ross.

The Canadian Society of Applied Art has quite justified its existence by the very fine exhibit now in progress in the Art Gallery, King street west. Among many interesting and beautiful things the work of a little genius in Deer Park, Miss Cameron Edwards, should be specially noted, whose pair of copper candlesticks are charming. The exhibit comprises enamel jewelry, in which Mrs. Agar Adamson excels; mural decoration, where G. A. Reid and his clever wife have some excellent things; lace making, with a real worker elucidating the manipulation of the bobbins for Torchon lace; photography with specimens of Mrs. McKeggie's, Mr. Rex Stovel's and other

successful amateurs' work: a lovely pair of stencilled curtains on artistic tinted velours by Mrs. Dickson Patterson, with a new and very satisfactory design, which arrived out from England for the exhibition and should find a speedy sale; a sideboard set with metallic china, if such a term may apply, the ware being metal coated in lovely designs. There are posters and ads., one by a Havergal College teacher being sure to catch the fancy of biscuit-makers, being a poll parrot getting the best of crackers from a group of little children. There is the Doukhobor work and the habitant work and the Hudson Bay Eskimo and Indian work, and so many other good things that I have not space to enumerate. Each day some two or three society women are "hostesses." There is a buffet where one may "tea" oneself and one's friends, and the whole thing is exceedingly well worth attention. Some of the exhibits are equally well worth purchasing.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario will hold a reception at Government House on New Year's day from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

Miss Edna Cleveland-Hyde of Buffalo is spending the week with her cousin, Mrs. James Fraser Macdonald, at the Alexandra.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton is giving a tea this afternoon for Miss Beatrice Langley of the Hope Morgan Concert Company. Some music will give added interest to this reunion, which is of a quite impromptu character, just a few music lovers being invited by telephone to meet the gifted guest of honor.

The first lecture on Shakespeare in music will be given at the Gerhard Heintzman music hall, not at Mrs. Gordon's, as I was informed last week.

Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord gave two young folks' luncheons on Thursday and Friday of last week. Covers were laid for fourteen, and the traditions of Bon Accord were fully kept up in the manner and matter of these charming little feasts. Friday's luncheon was for the Misses Parke of Scotland.

Mrs. H. C. McLeod gave a luncheon for a visiting friend from Scotland, Mrs. William Clark, at which a smart company of matrons were guests. The table was done in the season's colors, and white roses, holly and lily of the valley made it quite beautiful.

Mrs. Greenshields of Montreal (*nee* Gooderham) is visiting her relatives here. Mrs. Mitchell, her sister, gave a tea for her this week, when the table was brilliant with the Californian flower, the poinsettia, in a handsome jardiniere.

On New Year's day at Belleville Mr. Levin Hyman and Miss Edith Phippen are to be married with much eclat.

His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark gave a large Christmas dinner to a family party on Monday. Miss McDougall is up from Montreal on a visit to Government House this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Campbell have taken the Greigs' house in Queen's Park. One of the Misses Greig is travelling abroad and the other *en pension* for the winter.

Mrs. Charlie Holmes of D'Arcy street and her daughter leave for the Mediterranean on January 13, via New York. On New Year's day Mrs. Holmes will be at home to all her friends, who will avail themselves of the chance to bid her good-bye.

Miss Florence Taylor came up from New York for Christmas to be with her people, who are *en pension* at Mrs. Snell's.

Miss Kemp of Castle Frank came home from New York for Christmas, and is looking radiant. I am hoping to hear her fine voice again since George Sweet has been training it, her studies, no doubt, repaying the fair Canadiane for her exile in Gotham during its cultivation.

Mrs. Oliver Adams gives a matinee bridge on next Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler entertained at dinner on Thursday evening, and there was also a very pretty dinner at Llawhaden on that evening. Miss Ruby Ramsay is visiting Mrs. Osler.

Mr. Finucane of the Bank of Montreal, Hamilton, has been greeting old friends in town who are glad to see him looking so well.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Hall announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Daisy B. Hall, and Mr. Jack Macmillan of Winnipeg, formerly of Wychwood Park.

Mrs. E. P. Heaton, formerly of Montreal, received for the first time on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, when many friends, old and new, wended their way to the artistic home in St. Mary street. Owing to inaccurate announcements in some of the daily papers, Mrs. Heaton received on the remaining afternoons of the week as well as on those previously intended.

Dr. Charles A. Campbell, for the past three years surgeon of the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, London, England, returned home to spend Christmas with his mother in Yorkville avenue.

RECEPTION DAYS.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Government House, January 11.
Lady Mulock, Jarvis street, 1st and 3rd Mondays.
Lady Howland, the Arlington, Thursday.
Lady Meredith, the Alexandra, Wednesday.
Lady Pellatt, 559 Sherbourne street, January 8.
Mrs. Osler, Craigleigh, January 8.
Mrs. Matthews, 89 St. George street, Tuesdays.
Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, 68 St. Mary street, January 8, 15, 22, 29.
Mrs. Norman Tovell, 34 Bernard avenue, 1st Friday.
Mrs. C. H. Fitzsimmons, 97 Collier street, January 8.
Mrs. Christopher Bunting, 562 Sherbourne street, 3rd Monday.
Miss Carlyle, 187 Gerrard street east, Mondays.
Mrs. Main, 40 Prince Arthur avenue, 1st and 2nd Fridays.
Mrs. Struthers, 558 Bathurst street, 1st Thursday and Friday.
Mrs. R. Copeland, Crown Mount, Fridays after January 19th.
Mrs. Croft, 1510 King street west, 1st Thursday.
Mrs. Lincoln Hunter, 113 Walmer road, Fridays in February.
Mrs. S. Hooper, 520 Ontario street, Monday.
Mrs. Geoffrey Boyd, 167 Bloor east, 1st and 2nd Mondays.
Mrs. Fred Symons, 159 Bloor east, 1st and 3rd Mondays.
Mrs. Godson, 80 Avenue road, 1st and 3rd Fridays.
Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, The Alexandra, 2nd and 3rd Wednesdays.
Mrs. E. P. Heaton, 37 St. Mary street, 1st and 3rd Mondays.
Mrs. T. S. Hill, 455 Euclid avenue, January 4, and 3rd Thursday.

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The Eleanor Robson engagement has been the magnet for society this week, and everyone is full of praise of the patient and devoted little heroine, whose presentation of the London slavey is the essence of artistic work. Christmas day audiences are never representative of the smart set, particularly when Christmas comes on Monday, but on Tuesday the merest stranger could have conjectured that society was out in force by the buzz of conversation, the subdued laughter and the pleasant greetings which filled the air as soon as the last note of the National Anthem died away. Friends from a distance with their hosts were being welcomed on all sides. The boxes were nearly all void, but the stalls were filled with a very handsome audience, among whom were Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and Mr. Wyndham Newton, who was here last year with his mother, and made a flying Christmas visit this week to Llawhaden; the Misses Mortimer Clark and their guest, Miss McDougall of Montreal, Captain Elmsley, Mrs. Ewart Osborne and Miss Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Ferrier, Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Kemp of Castle Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Waldie, Mr. Frank Gray, Miss Susie Cassels, Mr. Walter Denison, Mr. W. Assheton Smith, Miss Smith, Captain Lumb of Sudbury, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pepler of Port Hope, Captain Ridout, Mrs. George Allan and Miss Wragge, Miss Muriel Macdougall, Miss Rose Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Gooderham, Miss Audrey Allen, Mr. Edward Greig, Mr. Eddie Cronyn, Miss Dallas and Miss Curlette, Mr. Norman Perry, Mr. des Chadenes and many others.

Captain Lumb was in town for a very brief visit at Christmas, returning to Sudbury on Tuesday night. The gentlemen of that rising town gave a ball last night, and I am told the assembly hall and dancing floor of Sudbury are not to be sneezed at, and well worthy of the pretty women and enterprising men who are making their home in the progressive town aforesaid.

Dr. and Mrs. Charlie Murray are going abroad in January, and on Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Murray will receive with her niece, Mrs. Gouinlock, at 25 Forest road, to say good-bye to friends who will not fail to seize this opportunity of wishing her *bon voyage*.

Mr. Eric Armour arrived from England last week.

Toronto friends were glad to receive Christmas greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, who are settled in London, Dr. Black having accepted an assistant ministry to one of the largest Presbyterian congregations in London. The Armstrong Blacks are living in Hampstead, that high and airy suburb where some of us have spent happy days, and many affectionate thoughts and good wishes from Toronto friends are theirs at this festive season.

Miss Pearl Macdonald came home for Christmas from Montreal, where she has been with her brother for the early winter weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLeod of Rosedale had their family with them for Christmas, the two young physicians, Dr. James of Buffalo and Dr. Norman, being home for the week. Mr. French of Buffalo came with the former and the whole household party were at the matinee of the County Chairman on Saturday.

Mr. Ewart Osborne was well enough to leave the hospital and spend Christmas at home.

Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne's New Year's day tea is bidding fair to become, like the Carbrooke Christmas day tea, one of the "hardy annual" bouquets, the chic and beauty of the latter being particularly noticeable, and the tea meeting the blank left since men stopped paying a round of calls on the afternoon of *le jour de l'an*.

The very pretty Christmas and New Year's cards one gets nowadays are really delightful. I saw a novel and unique fancy the other day, the card being a soft satin pad on which was pinned with a gold and jewelled stick-pin, a tiny spray of holly. Of course, the point was in the stick-pin!

Some of next month's arrangements so far include Mrs. Warren's dance on the 2nd, Mrs. Mackenzie's dance on the 4th, Mrs. Willie Davidson's dance on the 10th, and Mrs. Colin Gordon's on the 12th; both the latter will take place in the Metropolitan assembly-rooms. Mrs. Clarkson Jones is giving a house dance on the 15th.

Everyone Prospers.

A Christmas Season Unsurpassed in Many Years—Splendid Business.

If any proof were needed of the prosperity of Canada, and of that particular part of Canada in which Toronto is placed, it has been supplied during the past week. The departmental stores have been thronged as never before with tremendous crowds of holiday shoppers, the downtown streets have reminded one of Exhibition times, and the street car passengers at every hour of the day and night have been about as comfortable as a quart of champagne in a pint bottle. Everyone seems to have money and to be willing and anxious to spend it for the brightening of some one else's Christmas time. There is still another indication of the prosperity of the country which can be briefly stated. It is that on Friday last Gourlay piano No. 1,000 arrived from the factory at the warehouses of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, in Yonge street. There is a story in this. It is a little over two years since the firm manufactured Gourlay No. 1. It was a new instrument, an expensive instrument, it had to "buck" against pianos of high grade and high reputation, but the admirer of No. 1 fell in love with the instrument and told his friends. No. 2 sold easier, No. 3 easier still, and the demand finally grew so warm that for a time this fall the orders were much ahead of the factory capacity. Manufacturing facilities were enlarged, subsidiary factories secured, and now the business demands the erection of an enlarged factory in the spring. The Gourlay has proved its right to a place among the highest-grade pianos made in the world. Moreover, it leads the little Canadian coterie in beauty of tone quality, care in selection of material, and durability of construction. It is a piano that would be an ornament and a delight in the finest drawing-room to be found in this or any country. Of course, it is more expensive than common pianos, naturally so; but the fact that in about two years Canadians have purchased one thousand of these magnificent instruments shows that, not only has the country prospered, but that the people are gaining in taste and artistic appreciation. Gourlay No. 1,000 tells an entertaining and satisfactory tale not alone to the manufacturers, but to all Canadians who rejoice at the advancement of the country's industrial and artistic reputation.

Society at the Capital

EVERY train arriving in Ottawa during the past few days has borne a more than usually large contingent of home-comers for the holidays, and nearly every household has its capacity taxed to the utmost, as besides the many young people from the various schools and colleges, not a few have brought friends with them to enjoy the Christmas festivities which the Capital has to offer.

Government House will have a large and jolly house-party for the festive season, as besides the arrival from England early in the week of Lady Sybil Grey, who brought with her Captain and Lady Susan Dawnay, several other guests arrived during the last few days to spend the winter, or part of it, in Canada. Lady Victoria Grenfell, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Grey, and her husband, Mr. Arthur Grenfell, have come out to join the family party, also the Lady Alix Beaulieu, youngest daughter of the Duke of St. Albans, who, by the way, is not a stranger in Ottawa, having paid us a visit on a former occasion. The Earl of Rosslyn and Hon. Angus Macdonnell, the latter of whom is now living in the North-West, and formerly paid Government House a visit of some months and made many friends here, arrived in town on Saturday to spend the holidays.

The Royal Military College of Kingston is well represented in Ottawa just now by Gentlemen-Cadets Allan Lewis, Charles Courso, Ian Campbell, Allan Powell, Saxe Brown, Shirley Layton, Fred Blackburn, James Gemmill, Dick Spain and Ringwood, who arrived in town on Thursday, and whose presence will add greatly to the pleasure of the many holiday festivities, which, as usual at this season, will be devoted principally to the entertainment of the "not-outs," whose rightful turn it seems to be.

The first of the week's dances will be given on Tuesday, the 26th, by Mrs. Roberts Allan, in honor of Miss Edith Goodwin and Mr. Willie Goodwin of Kingston, who are spending Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Allan. This will be followed on Wednesday by Mrs. Travers Lewis' ball in the Racquet Court, which is to be quite the event of the week, when all ages will participate, and which will introduce to society Miss Norah Lewis.

In another quarter the younger set will also have their entertainment on the same evening, as Mrs. W. H. A. Fraser of Blackburn avenue has also chosen Wednesday evening to entertain at a house dance for the friends of her daughter, Miss Mildred Fraser, a "not-out." On Thursday a house dance for those who have not yet been introduced to the gay world will be given by Mrs. T. Ahearn at Buena Vista, for her daughter, Miss Lilius Ahearn.

Although the week for the most part has been given over to preparations for Christmas, several most enjoyable little entertainments managed to find their way in, as well as a large reception on Monday, at which Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon entertained as a housewarming in her beautiful new residence, which is furnished throughout with the most exquisite and artistic taste, and which called forth many expressions of admiration from the large number of guests who responded to Mrs. MacMahon's invitation. Pink decorations in the drawing-room and yellow in the dining-room were most effectively carried out with the help of hosts of beautiful feathery mums, and Mrs. MacMahon's gown of delicate grey silk crepe harmonized beautifully with her color schemes. The Misses Lemoine, Miss Lucy Kingsford, Miss Ethel Palmer and Miss Elsie Cotton assisted in distributing the many dainty edibles and the guests included all Ottawa's four hundred, both young and old.

Mrs. Martin Griffin's tea on Thursday was given specially as a temporary good-bye to Miss Ethel White, whose wedding is to come off on Wednesday, the 27th, and whose trip to Egypt will take her from her many friends in the Capital for some months. The guest of honor looked superbly handsome in a gown of black with touches of cream lace and large crimson hat. Miss Griffin assisted her mother in receiving, while Miss Laura Smith and Miss Elsie Smith and the Misses Milly and Isobel White did the honors of the tea-table.

Two more teas completed the list of the week and they were both given in honor of Miss Brookfield of Halifax, who is at present visiting Mrs. John G. Foster, who entertained for her guest on Wednesday, when this season's buds, with one or two additions, and also several of the sterner sex, were the guests. Mrs. R. L. Borden was the other hostess who made this young Haligonian the *raison d'être* of an informal little gathering on Thursday, when about twenty of the younger girls met for a pleasant chat over the tea-cups, and judging by the laughter that ensued a very jolly time was spent.

A surprise party on Monday evening was a novel and welcome addition to the usual monotonous round of teas, and the moving spirits in this "happy thought" were Miss Isobel White and Miss Edith Fielding, who summoned a party and "surprised" Miss Morna Bate. Mrs. Bate being quite equal to the occasion, an exceedingly enjoyable dance was the result in the spacious ball-room, which is always ready for use at a moment's notice in the Bate residence. Another small dance came off on Thursday evening, when Miss Maud Borbridge invited twenty-four guests, comprising twelve of the more recent debutantes and an attendant swain for each, including the Misses Oliver, Miss Lilius Ahearn, Miss Oswald Haycock, Miss Norah Lewis, the Misses McCullough, Miss Madge Morse, Miss Katie Christie, Miss Nahni Power, Mr. Ormond Haycock, Mr. Ian Campbell, Mr. Allan Powell, Mr. Frank Ahearn, Mr. Owen Hodgins, Mr. Carl Morse, Mr. Sydney Borbridge, Mr. Shanly Sherwood, Mr. Hugh Fraser and Mr. Allan Lewis.

Of late it seems that each week brings an announcement of a new engagement in Ottawa, and this week's is that of Miss Frances Geddes, daughter of Mrs. Charles Geddes and granddaughter of Sheriff Sweetland, to Mr. James McLaren, eldest son of Senator Peter McLaren of Perth.

Now that the cold weather appears to have come to stay, skating has again become popular, and on Monday evening the Minto Skating Club had its second meeting at the Rideau rink, when the ice was in perfect condition and the music excellent—indeed many comments were made on the vast improvement of the latter over that of last year. Government House was represented by a party comprised of His Excellency Lord Grey, Captain Hugh and Lady Dawnay, Lady Evelyn Grey, Captain Newton, A.D.C., Captain Trotter, A.D.C., Mr. Leveson Gower, and among the other skaters were noticed Mr. and the Misses Lemoine, Captain and Mrs. Eaton, Miss Molly Cartwright, Colonel and Miss Irwin, Mr. and the Misses Haycock, Miss Wurtelle, Miss Gwendolyn Clemow, Miss Jeffreys of Montreal, Miss Constance Dale-Harris, Miss Patti Jack, Miss Dawson, Miss Sherwood, Mrs. Prince, Miss Alice McLymont of Montreal, Mr. Walker, Mr. Creighton, Mr. Waldo, Captain F. B. T. Gilmore, Captain Corriveau, Mr. D'Arcy Scott and others.

Bishop Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton are now in Colorado, where they have gone to spend Christmas and the colder months with their eldest daughter, Miss Ethel Hamilton, whose hosts of friends will be delighted to hear of her continued improvement in health. During their absence in the West the residence of Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton will be occupied by Mr. T. L. Caldwell, M.P. for Lanark, and Mrs. Caldwell, who have leased it for the season and expect to come to Ottawa early in January.

Ottawa, Dec. 25th, 1905.



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THE SAD AWAKENING OF JENKINSBY

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD.

CELIA's younger sister was reading in the parlor when the door-bell jangled. She bounded upward and started into the hall; then, true to the traditions of West Baltimore, she remembered, stepped to one of the parlor windows, pushed back the curtains of imitation lace, and peered out. As she peered she giggled.

"Tom Jenkinsby!" were the words formed between giggles. She stepped into the hall and opened the door.

"Oh, it's you!" she exclaimed, with assumed surprise. "Oh, it's you!" From her tone, one listening might have fallen under the impression that the visitor came but seldom. "Come in, Mr. Jenkinsby." She giggled again. "Celia is upstairs."

A young man, attired in a ready-made, fawn-colored overcoat of exaggerated cut—according to the maker's advertisements—"the swaggiest of the season"—entered. He was not an ill-looking young man; his features were more or less regular and his forehead showed latent intelligence; but there was a certain self-satisfied vacuity about the eyes and mouth, and his black hair, parted in the middle, was brushed sleekly down over his brow.

"How are you, Miss Myrtle?" he inquired, with a smile that came dangerously near to being a smirk. He stepped out of the narrow vestibule into the narrow hall and, pushing aside the wonderfully colored near-silk portieres, stepped into the parlor.

"Oh, I'm pretty well. Right cold outside, is it?" Miss Myrtle, enunciated this peculiar combination of unauthorized words and stiff correctness with an air of pride.

Tom Jenkinsby informed her that he was indeed happy to hear of her pleasant state of health, and agreed with her that the weather outside was a "little sharp." As he spoke he removed the fawn-colored overcoat, folded it carefully and laid it over an elaborately gilded affair which had once been a kitchen stool. On the piano he placed his brown derby hat, into which, when he had blown out the fingers, he put his gloves. Turning, he surveyed in the mirror over the mantel the reflected image of a young man in a black sack suit which was distinguished by elaborately padded shoulders, apparent curvature of the waist, and trousers wide enough for two men of his size. His neck was held stiffly erect by a huge turn-down collar, which was held together by a white scarf pulled tightly into it. He placed both hands in his trousers pockets in order that Miss Myrtle might get the full benefit of a dazzling white pique vest, across which he wore a concatenation of enormous gold-plated links.

Miss Myrtle had been surveying him with some approval, chattering the meanwhile. But his eye betokened a vague unrest, and she was wise enough to note and understand it.

"I'll go up and tell Celia," she announced. Halfway to the door she paused and regarded him fixedly. "My gentleman friend is not coming to-night, so you and Cele won't be disturbed." She paused again and tossed her head. "I'm glad he's not coming, because I've got an exciting novel here." She held out a paper-back affair. "It's awful exciting. 'Wedded, But No Husband.' Ever read it?" Briefly she outlined a few of the scenes. "Did you?"

"No," replied Mr. Jenkinsby, posing gracefully with one arm on the mantel. "But it sounds something like a play I saw last week." He mentioned the name.

"Did you see that?" inquired Miss Myrtle eagerly. "I was just crazy to go, but my wouldn't let me. Susy Stokes said the hero was awful handsome—and—"

Mr. Jenkinsby smiled loftily, but with tolerance. "They always look pretty good when they're painted up," he explained. "He had some swell clothes, though—"

"Myr-t-le! Myr-t-le!" came in anything but dulcet tones from the head of the stairs outside.

Miss Myrtle giggled again. "Celia," she informed Mr. Jenkinsby. "She don't like me to talk to her gentlemen friends—never did. Don't know why." Here Miss Myrtle smiled coquettishly, but finding Thomas unresponsive, she answered her sister's second call by one in equally sharp

tones. "All right, Cele. Don't yell so," and scampered up the stairway.

Mr. Jenkinsby, left alone, turned to the mirror with a relieved sigh and arranged a few stray locks of hair. So pleased was he with the general effect when this had been accomplished that he gazed on the mirrored likeness for some moments. Then he sighed again with much gratification and seated himself on a horse-hair chair, pulling up his trousers into large bulges at the knees, thereby exposing pedal extremities none too small encased in laced shoes of glistening patent-leather, above the near-kid tops of which, those of a pronounced red was revealed. He looked about him with an air of faint interest, folded his arms heroically, and, elevating his chin a trifle, studied his profile in another mirror, which rested on a nearby table.

In the vernacular of West Baltimore, Thomas Jenkinsby was a "swell-looking fellow," and many girls coveted him for a husband. Many points endeared him to his female acquaintances—his "lady friends," as he put it. In the first place, his clothes were always selected with great care from the large assortment shown at Fienheimers, and were always cut along the approved models for "dressed" men. Attired in these nightmares of tailoring—the same constituting the idea of correct dress among his friends—what natural physical advantages he possessed were wonderfully set off. At least that is how those he knew viewed it. Then, too, he had the reputation of being liberal with his money, often taking the young women he knew to strawberry festivals, oyster-suppers and occasionally to the stock-company productions where orchestra chairs were purchasable at a maximum of fifty cents each.

Thanks to his industrious attendance at the vaudeville and his retentive memory, he picked up many rehabilitated jests, which he used to enliven his conversation; and he was quite famous in his set as a pungent wit.

Sunday morning always found Mr. Jenkinsby at church with some one of his friends of the other sex, and he was known to be a moral young man, eschewing liquor to any extent and very abstemious in the matter of tobacco. He was careful, saving, plodding and industrious, and he had a "good job" in a railroad office. He had gone there as a boy of fifteen. He was now twenty-two and had advanced himself from messenger to bill-and-index clerk, whatever that may be. As he believed in the two aphorisms always writ large for the youth, he had grown much moss on his back; and there was more than enough in the bank to purchase shelter when the cataclysmic day came. He generally carried his bank-book with him, and sometimes showed it to favored ones.

For nearly a year now he had been "keeping company" with Miss Celia Boggers, the daughter of a well-known plumber with a large trade, which enabled "pa" to give his daughter more than enough money to allow her to indulge in those sartorial eccentricities which, among her companions, were regarded as "swell," and her taste and judgment in selecting these things often caused her friends to say that she looked "perfectly horrid."

After eight months of Tom Jenkinsby's "steady company," three nights a week, with Miss Boggers, his father died and left an estate valued approximately at two thousand dollars; and this, naturally, Tom inherited. After several months had passed, Tom laid himself, his bank-book and his prospects before Miss Boggers. They dazzled her, and she accepted his offer gratefully. They became engaged and were to be married in February. It was now the early part of December.

Some five minutes of waiting, and Mr. Jenkinsby arose and surveyed the parlor with its chair covers of flowery design, its bisque mantel ornaments, and its crayon portraits of relatives in heavy gilt frames. He examined the plush-covered photograph-album and turned over some music on the "baby grand" piano. Then Celia came in.

Tom arose and kissed her. Celia sat down on one of the sofas with the flowery covers, and arranged her plush skirt. Tom seated himself be-

side her, and again carefully adjusted his trousers in large bulges. Then he took her hand.

"Don't—somebody might see," objected Miss Boggers, blushing. But her lover did not heed, speaking of something which had nothing to do with the holding of hands.

The conversation drifted into the usual channels. Tom revamped, for her amusement, a series of supposedly comic adventures which he had heard the tramp-comedian recite at the vaudeville, euphemizing some of it, of course, for her delicate sensibilities—for Miss Boggers had strong ideas on what was and what was not "respectable" for a young woman to hear. It was gratifying to Mr. Jenkinsby to hear Miss Boggers laugh at his rendition of the monologue.

She contributed to the information of Mr. Jenkinsby by relating the latest news and scandal of mutual acquaintances; how Ed Murphy had "cut out" Charlie Segon with Mabel Donahue; that Jennie Foger had assumed the onerous duties of "sales-lady" at Fienheimers'; that Harry Meeker had been promoted to be in charge of Gooch's "gent's furnishing" establishment, and similar interesting matter. When she had exhausted her knowledge and invention on this topic, Mr. Jenkinsby outlined the plot of the melodrama he had seen the night before, and the thrilling scene in which the hero hurled the villain through the French windows into the street below, thereby causing much personal inconvenience to the villain and teaching him not to insult "respectable working girls." And so the hours passed until Mr. Jenkinsby, looking at his gold-plated watch, discovered he must run for the last car.

Next evening, Mr. Jenkinsby, walking along Calhoun street about nine o'clock, became absorbed in an interesting incident. A girl was walking very rapidly, half a block in front of him, and, steadily in her wake, followed another young man, likewise in a "swagger" fawn-colored overcoat. For some time the pursuer hesitated about speaking to the girl; but presently he summoned up courage and stepped to her side. The girl continued on her rapid pace, apparently oblivious of the venturesome young man; but after a block had been traversed, she paused and addressed him, starting off again, but still pursued. Then, for the second time, she stopped.

This was the reason Mr. Jenkinsby forgot Calhoun street. He saw at once that the attentions of the other fawn-coated youth were not pleasing to the girl; and memories of heroic avengements of such insults portrayed on the stage of the cheap theater caused Mr. Jenkinsby to quicken his footsteps. When he arrived on the scene of action the girl was speaking, each word a minute icicle.

"I shall wait here until a policeman comes, and then give you in charge," was her ultimatum. "Aw, go on!" returned her would-be acquaintance, cocking his derby to one side and thrusting his hands into his overcoat pockets. "You're only kiddin' now. I say, cut it out. Say, what'm I doin', hey? Streets are free, ain't they?"

This was Mr. Jenkinsby's cue—as good a one as any manufacturer of melodramas could have offered. He stepped up.

"You go along about your business," was his remark, "and let this young lady alone—see?"

The other fawn-coated one scowled and squared off pugnaciously. "Say, what license you got to butt in?" he inquired acridly.

That right returned Mr. Jenkinsby with a fine appreciation of the repartee as he capped the two words with a "swift punch in the jaw." The other young man went down like a decayed tree in a wind-storm, and rose, half-dazed, but with enough of his wits left to perceive the approach of a policeman and to realize that dire results would follow his remaining on that particular spot. So, with neither word nor deed, but holding his jaw with some solicitude, he fled inconspicuously.

The girl, who had moved a few steps away during the encounter, now approached Jenkinsby and held out a small hand, brown-gloved. "Thank you, so much," she said sweetly.

Mr. Jenkinsby surveyed her and was suddenly reduced to awkwardness. "Oh, it's nothin'," he disclaimed. There was something about the girl which forbade that he use any of his time-worn pleasantries. "Oh, is it?" he mumbled for a second time, and looked away from the girl he had defended.

Subconsciously he was aware of the

fact that he had never known a girl exactly like this one. He felt no assurance when her green-blue eyes were turned on him. It seemed as though she were laughing at him; and yet her face was grave. Although he could not have put the distinction into words, he knew, instinctively, that there was a difference between this girl and the ones that he knew.

There was something about her—an indefinable something—which made the term of "lady" inapplicable and grotesque when applied to her, after it had served a similar purpose with Miss Celia Boggers. From the tips of her boots to the plume of her toque she was the perfectly gowned, perfectly self-possessed, and healthily pretty girl who is a power within herself and looks out upon the world with calm, unwavering gaze. Tom Jenkinsby did not know her kind, but he felt all that one, knowing her, might describe.

His feelings were shown in his actions. He stood before her awaiting her words. His attitude seemed strangely awkward to him, and his hands looked clumsy. He wrenched himself to a stilly erect position, and lifted his hat again.

"Glad to have been of any assistance to you," he blurted out. "Good night, miss."

He had turned his back and taken several steps in the opposite direction when her words recalled him. "Wait a moment, please."

Mentally catechizing, he thought of a silver bell with a golden clapper as, producing a note akin to the melody of her voice. He turned and moved toward her again, but he was too oppressed by a sense of embarrassment to ask her why she had called.

"I am going to ask you to walk along with me—will you? I want you to do me a favor—"

"Anything that I can do," he began eagerly, but his self-confidence faded away before he reached the end of the sentence, "I shall be glad to do," he finished indistinctly.

"I've just been up to see my old nurse. She's been ill. I came alone because I didn't want to drag a man into the uninteresting atmosphere of a sick-room; and I had so much to say to dear old nurse." Her voice was very soft here. "Such a dear!" She cut herself off suddenly, noting that Tom was about to throw away his cigar.

"Oh, go on smoking, please. I don't mind—really." Tom stared mutely. It was a new experience to be allowed to smoke in the presence of a girl. Celia Boggers and her friends did not consider it "respectable." And this girl, so far her—He checked himself suddenly before he allowed the unfaithful thought to take form. Then, too, the girl was speaking.

"I want you to get me a cab somewhere—will you? I don't know this part of town very well—"

Tom's fingers worked nervously with his gloves. "I don't think you can get one up this way. You see, there ain't much use for carriages in here, 'cept for wedding's and funeral's and—such things and—"

"I can't get one, you mean?" She regarded him with reproach.

"Really?"

He nodded with emphasis.

"What shall I do?" she inquired introspectively, leaving Tom out of it altogether. But Tom took it upon himself to suggest what had come suddenly to him.

"Why not take the street cars?" he wished to know.

A faint smile lighted up the corners of her mouth and the light of laughter shone in her eyes. "It's really too ridiculous," she returned. "But I've mislaid my purse—I had it when I came out, because I rode here on the cars. You see, I could pay the cabman when I got home; but the cars—"

She paused for a moment. Tom's face brightened, only to cloud again. The solution of her difficulty had suggested itself; but he was afraid that an offer of assistance might be taken in the same spirit by her as the advances of the other young man with the fawn-colored coat. Finally, he took firm hold of himself and choked back his faltering.

"May I," he blurted out, "may I see you home?—on the cars, of course?"

"Yes," the girl said gravely, "if you will be so kind."

"Oh, no kindness at all!" he stammered. "No kindness—" He checked himself again. "We turn down here to Fayette and take the cars—"

"To Baltimore, if you please; and transfer to Charles—"

Tom had too much fear for the loss of her respect to give her the rehearsed vaudeville; and somehow,

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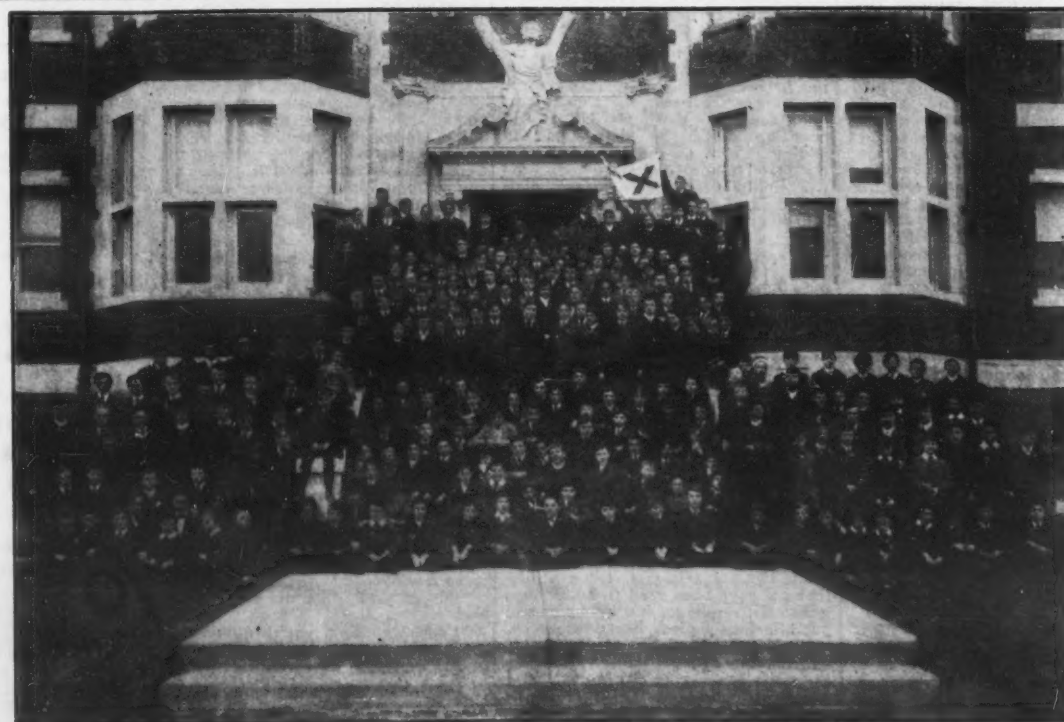
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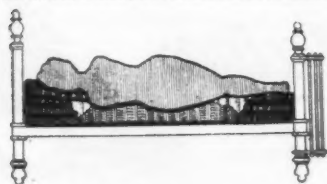
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The Robert Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.

he realized that the plot of the melodrama which he had seen would not interest this girl. There came a sudden realization to him that the play was absurd.

He lost himself in meditation for the time necessary to reach the car and be seated; and the girl felt that she should enliven the journey. So she began to talk, and Tom, awakened out of his introspection, flushed guiltily and realized his awkwardness again.

As she talked, he was conscious that she did it with an effort—an effort to interest him by coming down to his level. Finally, after vainly trying to hit upon a topic with which he was familiar, she tried to get him to talk of himself. She had never before met anyone just like him, and she was curious as to what manner of man he might be.

But on the topic of himself, Tom Jenkinsby was very non-committal. The fact that he had risen from messenger to file-and-index clerk—what ever that may be—in seven years, had a bank-account and was going to marry the daughter of a prominent plumber, well known in society circles of the West End, did not seem to be the sort of information about himself which he would have this girl know. Everything concerning his own life seemed inartistic, petty, and not worth consideration in the presence of this lovely being with the green-blue eyes, and the healthy, ruddy tan of the woman who lives outdoors much of her time and measures things by the standard of a great and beautiful nature. Without knowing it, the girl had reduced the man to almost terrified silence. He did not wish her to think him as petty as he was, and he realized that silence was his only refuge.

With a sigh of relief, the girl noted the broad shoulders and pleasant face of a man in a long, loose coat and silk hat, who had just entered the car, and she bestowed upon him a smile which had in it so much of regard that the man was somehow astonished. He did not show it, however, but sat down on the other side of her and called her by name. For half a second, perhaps, his eyes measured Jenkinsby almost incredulously; then, with a half-subdued smile, he said something unimportant to the girl.

"This is Mr. Hungerford," she said, turning from her new companion to Tom. "Mr. Jenkinsby."

Hungerford bowed, but Tom, true to preconceived ideas of etiquette, thrust out his hand after hastily peeling off the glove.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hungerford," he said.

The other took the extended hand and shook it with every appearance of heartiness. Tom did not notice that he stifled a smile. Hungerford chatted on until at Chase street, the girl touched Jenkinsby's arm. "We get off here," she informed him; then to Hungerford: "I'm very hungry. I didn't eat much at dinner, I was so worried about nurse. And so I'm going to ask you and Mr. Jenkinsby to come in and have a little midnight repast. I'm only asking you, Gerry, because you can make such a perfect rabbit; and Molly gave me a chafing-dish set which hasn't been touched yet and which simply cries out to be used."

Jenkinsby had told the girl that he "had better be getting along," when the trio stopped before the winding steps and arched entrance of a large house in the center of the fashionable district.

There were two Tom Jenkinsbys when the tentative non-acceptance of the invitation was given. The Tom Jenkinsby that refused was the manly Tom who felt his inappropriateness and realized that he was being asked only because the girl's good breeding demanded that she should show some convincing recognition of her appreciation for his timely assistance. The second Tom Jenkinsby was the one in which West Baltimore had not disappeared; the Jenkinsby who wished to be able to say truthfully that he had been a welcome guest within the mansions of the elect and to describe such an intimacy to his associates of the West End, who, while pretending to scorn those of the "society" world, worshipped secretly. And the first Tom Jenkinsby being only just awakened to a realization of himself was the weaker of the two, for the second Tom had lived twenty-two years. So he took back his refusal and ascended the winding steps, following the girl and her companion into the long, wide hall, and into the smoking-room, which was just off the morning-room in which the girl proposed that the little feast should be held.

"Everybody's either out or in bed—the servants, too," she whispered gleefully. "So we'll have the place entirely to ourselves. Isn't it fun to get one's food, Gerry? And, oh, Mr. Jenkinsby, won't you wait in the smoking-room until Mr. Hungerford and I have started with the preparations? Thank you. You'll find cigars and cigarettes in that little closet there—and there's some whiskey and a siphon in that other one over there. Now, just for a moment, if you'll excuse us."

He acceded dully, and they left him in the dim light of a Flemish lantern. He lit a cigarette and took several perfunctory puffs at it, then forgot it was in his hand. As one half awake, he examined the quaint wood panels with the burned mottoes; the solid, comfortable chairs; the cordovan leather pillows, the odd steins, the Flemish pottery, and the Japanese swords. There was a general air of artistic comfort about the place which pervaded everything. He felt, somehow, that he had wanted all this at some time, remembered that he had been vaguely discontented and knew not why. But it was disquieting mentally when the realization was forced upon him that here he should feel a sense of unfitness when all was as he would have had it and there was no room for improvement.

With a shudder he recalled the starkly colored chromos in white frames, the crayon portraits in tarnished gilt, and the bisque ornaments of the Boggesses' parlor. He remembered with a start, however, that such as was the Boggesses', so were all the homes that he knew. He had never been out of that element before.

He got up, one hand still in his trousers pocket, the two fingers of the other holding the cigarette which was steadily burning itself away unnoticed; then he sat down again, forgetting this time to pull up his trousers to avoid bagginess at the knees. His clothes—his "Sunday" clothes in which he stood arrayed—had suddenly vanished from his mental perspective.

With the strange inquiet on him, he rose again, pacing the smoking-room. Unconsciously, he moved out into the little inside hall which separated the smoking-room from the morning-room. There was a Moorish corner in the hall. He seated himself there, abstractedly.

The door nearby was slightly ajar; and the even, musical tones of the girl came to his ears. How quiet, how restful was a voice like that! No undue nasal enunciation, no high pitch at the beginning of a sentence and indistinct, hasty, garbled finish such as Celia—again his unfaithfulness smote him.

In his endeavor to avoid comparison, his ears became conscious that the words spoken were audible—and so he heard.

She had just concluded the telling of something; and they were both laughing a little.

"You find close-range study of the other-half interesting, then?" It was Hungerford's voice. "On terms of equality, I mean."

"Now, Gerry, that's unworthy of you. He isn't one of that kind—the kind we found missions for—and reclaim and all that sort of thing."

"No—he isn't. That's the trouble. If he were frankly coarse—the stepping-stone—half and half—between the mission kind and... He's a mechanic or something, I guess. Maybe he's a clerk. There's a directory here. What's his name?"

"Here's his card."

"Printed, on my word!—Mr. Thomas Jenkinsby—fancy! a printed visiting-card! Oh, I don't mean any thing—just to worry you a little," Hungerford's voice was plainly merry.

The girl spoke as though a trifle troubled. "He acted as well as anyone could have done—as well as you, Gerry. Hungerford... No, don't pour it out yet. You're forgetting."

"No, I'm not. Well, perhaps he did. But I shouldn't have come in. Give me some credit." There was a sound as though of scampering. "I suppose you'll have your mother meet him when he makes his party call."

The girl's voice showed extreme indignation. "Gerald Hungerford, you are horrid. Imagine!"

Rapidly Tom Jenkinsby gathered together his hat, coat and gloves; stealthily and noiselessly he tiptoed down the hall and opened the door with cautious quiet. He only remembered to put on his hat when he had walked half way down the block. Then he felt a sharp pain in the fingers of his hand and found that the cigarette was burning into his flesh. He dropped it.

He paused in his walk, and slowly and deliberately put on his coat and gloves. He stood quite still for a short space of time; then he uttered a half-choking sound, a cross between a sob and a laugh.

"I'll damned if I—"

He mentally said the rest, but the mental speech was as determined as the first words of it spoken. He stepped into a nearby saloon and haughtily demanded a drink. There was no friendliness in his tone as he addressed the bartender. He poured out a large portion of whiskey, drank it without blinking, and stalked moodily into the street again.

"I guess Celia is good enough for me," he murmured as he strode homeward. "Yes, I guess Celia's good enough for me!"



SIR KNIGHT.
Times and customs may change, but the spirit's the same.

The Canine Cannibal.

Garfield W. Weede, the left end of the Pennsylvania football team, lay with a broken leg in the University Hospital. In the same ward lay two other football victims, William Holtenbach and Frank Fuqua, the former with a broken leg, the latter with a fractured skull. Flowers—great masses of roses and violets—surrounded these young men.

"Yes, I am afraid," said Weede, with a patient smile, "that football is becoming a pretty ghastly sort of game. It reminds me of barbering down East."

"I once went into a down-east barber shop to get my hair cut. As I sat in the chair and the scissors clicked away the barber's dog lay beside me on the floor, looking up at me all the time most tentatively."

"Nice dog, that," said I.

"He is, sir," said the barber. "He seems very fond," I said, "of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber, smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off a customer's ear."



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THOUGH eagerly progressive in most matters, we are all singularly insular and conservative in some respects. We cling obstinately, for example, to our antiquated and unscientific scheme of weights and measures when all the rest of the world employs the convenient and uniform metric system; and we still follow the absurd fashion of marking only twelve hours on our clocks when there are twice that many hours in the day.

It would be silly to pretend that the fate of the nation hangs on the retention or the abandonment of the duodecimal dial. None of us will be distinctly unhappy should the clock's face never be reformed. But since logic is logic, and it is as well to be right as wrong, why not, imitating the Italians, give each individual hour of the two dozen its own figure and its own exclusive place on the dial? Why have a 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, 9 o'clock and 12 o'clock twice in the day? Why not commence an hour after midnight with 1 o'clock, call noon 12, and then go on counting 13, 14 and the rest up to 24 o'clock at midnight?

Our twelve-hour clocks cause one confusion. In stating an hour, for instance, one must add whether it be in the morning, the afternoon or the evening. To say that a train arrives at 8 o'clock is not precise; one must tell whether the hour be ante or post meridian. Numerous mistakes are made in consequence of this confusion. Persons go to railway stations at nine in the evening to catch trains that have left at nine in the morning. And even when confusion is prevented by timely explanation, the explanation represents a waste of words and energy; a waste that would be avoided by the general use of clocks having Italian dials. Another source of confusion or, at least, of vexation to a precisian, in a community accustomed to the twelve-hour dial, is the necessity of referring to midnight as of yesterday or to-day or as of to-day or to-morrow. Should one say that a dance ended at midnight last night or at midnight this morning? If we measured time by a twenty-four-hour dial there would be no problem, for the previous midnight would always be 24 o'clock of yesterday.

We would soon become used to the change if it were made. It would not be necessary even to throw away the clocks we have, for the correct hour, according to the Italian way of counting, could be determined by adding twelve to the hour indicated on a twelve-hour dial after noon; and from midnight to noon the two dials would agree. Gradually the twenty-four-hour dial could be introduced, and in a few years dials of the other sort would be as obsolete as the tall bicycles of former days. One, and only one, objection to the proposed change need be noted. One would not want in his bedroom a clock that struck 22 at 10 in the evening, 23 at 11 and 24 at midnight.

A Clear Case.

"I am surprised!" announced Doctor Brownley, as he laid down the letter he had been reading aloud. "If it hadn't been for the high recommendations the Daytons gave that boarding-house, I'd have gone down to Appleton with Lewis myself, to make sure that he had the right surroundings. I tell you, when a boy that's always been used to home ways goes off to college, it's hard lines to put him into a place like that!"

"Think of it!" picking up the letter and reading again. "Not a thing on the table I can eat; the worst bed I ever tried to sleep in; altogether the most desolate place I ever struck!"

"Lewis is no hand to find fault with



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his food, either," chimed in the motherly voice.

"And I thought he could sleep anywhere," added Sister Hetty. "Think how good he is about being tucked up on a couch when the house is crowded!"

"I shall go down there to-morrow, and take those people unawares," decided Doctor Brownley, sternly. "I am paying them enough so that they can afford to make the boy comfortable, at least."

The next day a determined-looking man presented himself at the door of that Appleton boarding-house. He was welcomed by a gracious hostess, who informed him that the noonday dinner was just served, and at that moment Lewis Brownley came up the steps, wearing a long face, which shortened visibly at sight of his father.

They were immediately ushered into an attractive dining-room, where, as the meal progressed, Doctor Brownley grew more and more puzzled. After dinner his son led him upstairs into a large, charmingly furnished bedroom.

"Well, Lew," Doctor Brownley exclaimed, as he looked about, "what did that letter of yours mean, anyhow? This is certainly a fine room, and that dinner was delicious! Tenderest chicken I've tasted in many a day! Everything well cooked, clean linen, shining silver, flowers on the table, delightful people!" Here he paused long enough to walk to the bed and examine it. Then he went on: "Good springs and hair mattress—everything clean and dainty. What on earth made you call this a 'desolate place'?"

The seventeen-year-old freshman stood in the middle of the room with a blank face. Apparently he was casting about for an answer. At last, with the air of one brought to bay, he crossed to the door and opened it.

"Father," he said, with tragic emphasis, "look at that door!"

Doctor Brownley looked closely. "What's the matter with it?" he queried.

"See how thin it is!"

For a full minute the astonished father surveyed his tall, solemn-eyed boy. Then, with a sudden illumination, he said, quietly:

"Lewis, it is a good thing you showed me that door. I understand it all now."

"Oh, do you?" in tones of great relief.

"Perfectly. Son, you're homesick!"

"Youth's Companion."

A woman's head is not always turned by flattery; sometimes peroxide is responsible.



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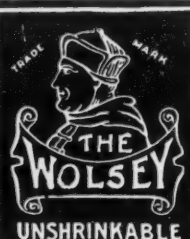
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If there's anything contagious in a kiss."



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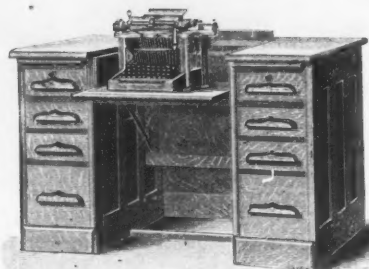
Lady Gay's Column

WHEN the bad news turned inside out and became good and comforting, it did not seem so difficult to face Christmas, all alone for the very first time in a long life. There were always the little old woman and her grandchildren, anyway, to make things interesting, but it was growing very near the latest hour when we found actually the place where they lived and realized the strength of the faith that had led them to make ready a Christmas tree—a poor, bare, serious-looking tree, in a box, well braced with bricks and holding out lean, hungry arms with an appeal which went to one's heart, the outward and visible sign of the honest belief in one's promise, given lightly and somewhat thoughtlessly weeks and weeks ago. What a tragedy would that tree have been if any unkind chance had kept us from the hour or two of work that made it bring forth such fruit as surely must have startled its scrawny limbs and made its thin trunk totter with amazement. Never since last Christmas, when baby had his first tree, have the disagreeable man and I gone shopping. We seem to dedicate Christmas eve to one wild plunge of that sort which suffices for a twelvemonth, and we started after dinner last Saturday night, like two children out for a lark, to buy as much as we could carry home to the gennie and her bare Christmas tree. On the way we kidnapped the shy person, whom we turned about and laid commands upon which seemed to suit his fancy, for his eyes twinkled, which is his way of saying "I'm game" for any sort of unusual enterprise. Do you know the little narrow toy shops which get perfectly jammed with anxious gas and man and uncles and aunts on Christmas eve; the alert, but almost collapsed, salesmen and women, who dash here and there through the crowd, leaving one uncertain customer to think it over while they hurry up an order for a man who knows his mind or a woman who looks a bit impatient? And the crowd is all elbows and big feet. And, oh! the disagreeable man's facial expression as he got a sharp elbow in the solar plexus and a big foot on his pet corn, and a doll's toe in his ear, and a lot of dust on his nose, was something so wild and desperate that I left him because I dared not laugh. The shy man was looking at it all in solemn silence, but the disagreeable man was saving horrors. Then there were two sleighs for the grandsons, and the shy man suddenly purchased two grand play uniforms, a fireman's outfit, with helmet, axe and trumpet; and soldier's uniform, with sword and gun; and I got hold of dolls and laundress outfit, and rubber babies and rattles and balls, and a doll carriage and a few other odds and ends and we fought our way to the street. The disagreeable man loaded with the biggest and most animated things—stuffed that looked every way and a doll wagon that seemed to have four wheels and ten handles! How we paraded Yonge street and waited while the D. M. untangled himself, and dived into candy and fruit shops (and gave up trying to break into the big departmental for a shawl for grandma, for the crowd simply packed the pavement and doorways), and so laden, and by devious way we came finally to the quiet house wherein were sleeping boys and girls and a bare Christmas tree, and such an alert grannie that scarcely had we rapped before the door flew open and revealed her, with a dim lamp and perpetual curtsies, and her soft Kerry voice saying over and over, "Oh, thank you awfully much." As we piled up our loot in her hallway. And since we got away, laden with her breathless blessings, we've been sorry not to have seen the first encounter of the fireman, axe in hand, and the soldier in full war array, for surely the grandsons, Kerry wouldn't lose such an opportunity of having a bit of fun and plaything in the good old Irish way! And as grannie said, "Oh, the children, the children! What will they do at all? They never, never had such a Christmas!"

We were, the pretty girl and I, lingering in a certain large and silent auditorium, watching, unsuspected, the Christmas gift-giving to the employees. Gifts are of two sorts there, money or geese! There was a great table piled with geese, great fat, motherly old bodies, with their poor paddles sprawling out in desperate abandon, their nude carcasses piled up in any old style, and a jovial master of ceremonies doling them out one by one. A polite little gentleman, who might easily play the flute, got a huge fat goose, whose webbed tootsies were flung into the air and whose neck seemed about a foot long. The little gentleman laid her gently on her back in a quiet corner and tried to compose her limbs and neck into possible shape for wrapping and transportation. First he lifted her feet delicately, and gently but firmly folded them to her sides. The minute he let go she thought of a can-can or something of the sort, and did it in first-rate style. In vain he restrained and restrained her, until he finally broke her bones, bound her with twine and wrapped her in a newspaper, and looking quite worn out by the struggle, bore her mistrustfully off home. In distinction to him a great man strode up with a wide grin and, seizing his goose by one leg, went away swinging it. Christmas dinner bare and openly before the Christmas crowd. Another claimed the goose rather than the money, confessing that he would be a married man by Christmas day, while gradually the geese seemed to fade away, and the crowd with them, the latter wishing one another the best of appetites on Christmas.

What was the best thing Sancta brought you? The answer is a confession few of us would care to make, perhaps! It may have been some small and inexpensive gift; maybe indeed, no gift at all, merely a few

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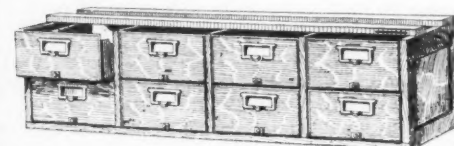
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words that were exactly what one cared for, from the only one who could speak them. It may not have been even words, just that look which says, "I love you" or the kiss (Japan be hanged!) which spoke hearty, honest, warm affection so much better than empty words. We each know what we liked best off our Christmas tree; we may not tell, but we know, all the same! And perhaps also we know what we have missed, although that be anyone's fault, just the eternal cussedness of things, some of us know about it, cannot help it, must just accept it, and go without. Perhaps 'twere best to think only of what we have, more than we deserve. If less than we crave, and let the precious unattainable, the dear impossible, wait until its day and hour come!

LADY GAY.



GRAND LARCENY.

He—Suppose I steal a kiss?
She—Oh, that would be only petty larceny!
He—And suppose I steal a hundred?
She—Oh, that would be grand, of course.

Why Clandestine Marriages are Not Deemed Respectable.

OW and then a foolish young woman and an equally foolish, if he is not a rascally, young man, slip away together to some obscure town in a rural county and there secretly marry. Perhaps the youth's parents object to the match, either because they do not like the girl or because they deem the boy too young. Perhaps the lad is a malicious and self-indulgent intriguer, who is willing to marry for the purpose of gratifying his impulses, but is ashamed to acknowledge the girl as his wife. Perhaps the girl is a student at college, or is afraid of a parental veto on the alliance, or has some other such reason for concealing the fact of her marriage.

After the marriage the couple usually return to their several homes and live apart, though holding secret trysts. The young man permits the girl's parents to continue paying the expense of her maintenance. If they are both sincere—which is not always

Not Liable.

Last summer there was tried in Chicago a breach-of-promise suit that awakened much interest in legal circles by reason of the ingenious means taken by counsel for the defendant to secure a verdict for his client.

Counsel for the plaintiff had begun to read what was alleged to be the proposal of marriage on the part of the defendant. This so-called proposal appeared on a telegraph blank. Turning to the jury, counsel began with, "My darling Marie."

At this juncture counsel for the defendant interrupted his colleague at the bar. "May it please the court, this document, being partly printed and partly written, it cannot, by the rules of evidence, be offered in part by plaintiff. Everything on the blank must be read."

Notwithstanding the protests of counsel for the plaintiff that the printed matter had no relevancy with the case—the fact being that the proposal was written on a telegraph blank by accident—the ruling of the court was that everything on the blank should be read. Accordingly the reluctant counsel for plaintiff was forced to read the following:

"There shall be no liability on account of this message unless the same shall be repeated, and then only on condition that the claim shall be made within thirty days in writing." Then, after the signature, followed: "Yours devotedly, Harry," together with this N.B., "Read carefully the conditions at the top."

To the great delight of counsel for the defendant the jury returned a verdict in his favor within twenty minutes.

Julia Ward Howe's Impromptu Toast.

The following incident of Julia Ward Howe, who is now eighty-seven years old, is related by her daughter, Mrs. John Elliott.

It was the last night of the old year. We were gathered about the table in the old-fashioned dining-room. The portraits of grandfather and grandmother were gay with laurel and holly. The old chieftainess sat at the head of the table. The guests were all young people, the grandchildren and their friends. A bowl of innocent claret-cup stood on the sideboard. A little Hebe filled all the glasses. The hands of the old clock from grandfather's great house on the corner of Bond street and Broadway, in "old New York," pointed to eleven fifty-nine.

"A toast!" I cried: "give us a toast to nineteen five."

"Give me a moment!" said the chieftainess, and covered the face Time, the artist, has etched with such tender lines. At the first stroke of twelve she rose, glass in hand, and gave the toast, composed in something less than sixty seconds:

A toast to nineteen five!
God grant we all may thrive,
And in a twelvemonth be alive,
And every bachelor shall wife,
And blessings be upon the head
Of our great Presidential Ted!

Cautious.

"Do you plead guilty to the charge?" said the judge to an Irishman who was arraigned before him in court.

"Please, your Honor, not so fast. I want to see first what the witnesses know about this matter!"

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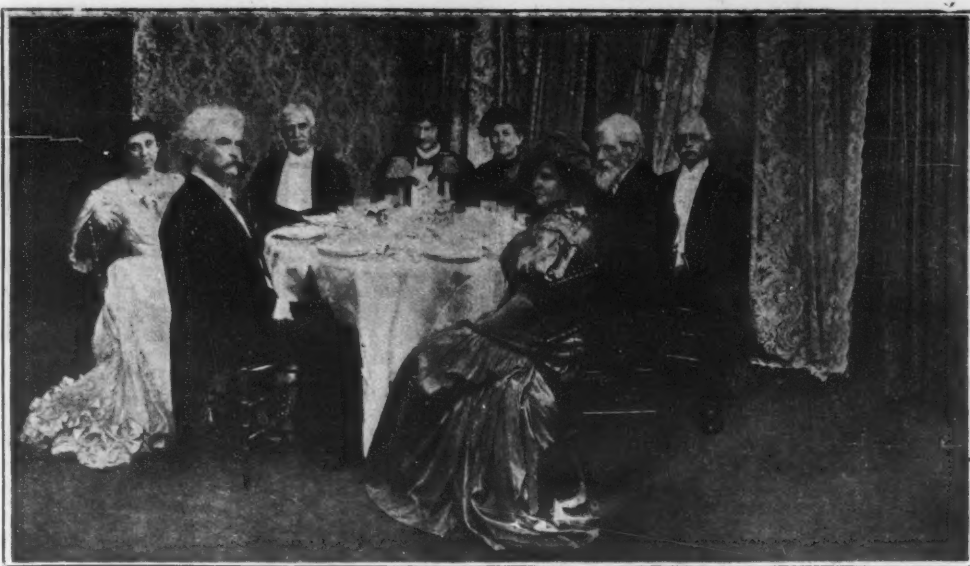
Vol. 19. TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 30, 1905. No. 8

The Drama

ON Christmas night a large and cheerful audience greeted *Merely Mary Ann*, the Zangwill comedy, in which Miss Eleanor Robson plays the title role. The incidents are rather thinly spread over four acts, but the interest is fairly sustained, and the adventures of the little London slavey whose dust-soiled charms prove too much for one of the masculine boarders at the lodging-house of *Mrs. Leadbatter* are charmingly interpreted by Miss Robson, who wins and holds popular sympathy by her piquant representation of the ingenious and delightful maid-of-all-work. There is a delicate dignity about *Mary Ann's* *gaucherie*, and her voice, as Miss Robson reads the lines, is a melodious pleasure. For some reason or other I found myself thinking of Miss Anglin's *Cynthia*, who was another delicious little fool in somewhat different environment. Mr. H. B. Warner as *Lancelot*, a gentleman who endeavors to compose music while he is deeply in debt and more deeply in love, is entertaining in some moments. However, the artistic temperament is quite as likely to be a bore on the stage as it is in real life, when a prolonged attack is inflicted on the audience. One becomes weary of this handsome young man when he flings himself about during three scenes, refusing to take good money for popular songs and talking loudly about his blessed art. Of course he eventually accepts the bank notes with a bad grace. Then *Mary Ann's* brother, *Tom*, who has been away in America, is good enough to die and leave her half a million pounds. What would needy English housemaids do without the relatives who have betaken themselves to America and gathered in one glorious, golden pile the wealth that flows from oil, natural gas or any other of the products of this noble continent? Then conscience awakes in the young man with artistic temperament, and a newly-awakened conscience is terribly active and awkward for all concerned. He had been quite willing to sacrifice *Mary Ann* by carrying her off to an idyllic cottage; but a semi-millionaire is another matter, and he suddenly realizes that he has nothing to offer her but an exceedingly turbulent heart and certain nebulous operas, which publishers refuse to look at. So he bids *Mary Ann* a dramatic farewell at the end of the third act, and after six strenuous years bobs up serenely and successfully in the fourth act as a brilliant composer who has written an opera that has captured London. *Mary Ann* is an heiress, using irreproachable English and wearing gowns unmistakably French. There are a few moments of misunderstanding, but they are really very much in love with each other, poor young things, and the curtain goes down on an extremely pretty and peaceful embrace. The play is undoubtedly popular, in fact is the sort of production to be called "awfully sweet" and "perfectly cute," but it is not Israel Zangwill's clever novelette of the same name. It has been changed, to its artistic detriment, until no admirer of the original would care to recognize it. Mr. Ernest Mainwaring as a sensible young business man, bearing the Christian name of *Peter*, is moderately interesting, and Mr. Morten Selten is a Teutonic and practical music publisher known as *Herr Brahms*. Miss Ada Dwyer plays the part of the landlady, *Mrs. Leadbatter*, with realistic effect, and Miss Margaret Fuller as the pert daughter *Rosie* acquits herself creditably in a familiar role. Mr. William A. Hackett as *Rev. Samuel Snudge* gives a presentation of an unctuous clerical bore. It may be remarked in passing that this sort of clergyman is overworked on the stage to an absurd extent. That there are frauds and hypocrites in clerical ranks no one denies; but that such creatures are so characteristic of the profession as to be given the prominence accorded them on the boards will not be admitted. For the sake of variety alone it would be well to have a jolly, athletic young curate, or a benevolent old man of the *Dr. Davidson* type. The other characters are somewhat wooden in nature. The last act as a representation of a social gathering is improbable, even with all allowance for the vagaries of the modern hostess. But improbability is the comedian's opportunity, and the lovers could hardly have come to the desired understanding had the drawing-room of *Mead Manor* been more conventionally conducted. *Merely Mary Ann* will afford amusement to many and Miss Eleanor Robson in the part is a gracious memory.

In the January number of *Ainslee's Magazine* Mr. Alan Dale discourses blithely of "Shakespeare and Shaw" in his own audacious fashion, saying: "We have so frequently heard Mr. George Bernard Shaw's opinion of Shakespeare that it is ten thousand pities we can never learn Shakespeare's opinion of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. It would be particularly interesting at the present moment. By some curious coincidental freak we have had Mr. Arnold Daly with two Shaw plays, and Mr. E. J. Sothern with a couple of Shakespeare's dramas, at rival theaters—the Garrick and the Knickerbocker. We have had *John Bull's Other Island* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* from the gentleman who has not yet had time to go down to posterity, and *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Merchant of Venice* from the playwright who got there some time ago.

"In the instances I have just mentioned New York has supported Shakespeare, and dropped Mr. Shaw as though he were a hot potato, rather than a cold self-advertiser. Mr. Sothern's productions have caused far less talk than those of Mr. Daly, but they have at least jogged peacefully along, in well-oiled grooves, while the others were smothered out. *John Bull's Other Island* was suppressed by



THE MARK TWAIN DINNER.

This interesting picture is a photograph of the table of honor at the recent dinner given at Delmonico's, New York, in celebration of Mark Twain's 70th birthday. There were over 260 guests present, all writers of note. Commencing at the left of the picture those seated at the table are Kate Douglas Riggs, Mark Twain, Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, Bliss Carman, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Henry Mills Alden, Henry H. Rogers and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, the last named being in the foreground.

the box office, because people wouldn't go to see it; *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was viewed by the police because people would go. The former was ditchwater, the popular simile for deadly dullness; the latter was bilgewater, the perfume of which is not soothing to the olfactory nerves.

"I have never paid much attention to tests of endurance. I have never 'entered' for a six-days-go-as-you-please walking match or for a fasting contest. But I saw *John Bull's Other Island* twice—not from choice—and I think I am one of a very few living beings who did. I sat through the dress-rehearsal, without an audience, and through the first performance with one. At the end of my penance I felt that I had no further interest in the world. The feeling wore off in time, but while it possessed me I repined because I had not been born a brick-layer, and the idea of hod-carrying simply fascinated me."

The George Primrose Minstrel Company at the Grand this week is distinctly above the average of negro minstrelsy and vaudeville. There is an excellent range of voices in the cast, and the long list of songs, whether solo or ensemble, was rendered with a tonal nicety refreshing to the ear. *The Clock Upon the Mantel* and *Nobody* were particularly catchy lyrics that clung to the memory of the audience. The familiar negro folk songs, such as *Down Upon the Swannee River*, besides being sung with much pathos, were greatly enhanced by fine scenic effects. It goes without saying that clog dances were a substantial part of the programme, but these were not of the monotonous sameness we usually see in such shows, but were replete with clever novelties. Several of the vaudeville features, such as *Mme. Rascally's Band* and the *Magnolia Hotel*, were very clever and amusing burlesques and quite the equal of anything of the kind we have seen this season. The drill of the Southern Cadets was a splendid exhibition of military evolutions and evoked much applause. Quite appropriately the bulk of this minstrel show is lyrical. The comedy is marked by a fine sense of proportion, and the buffooneries and jesting of the end-men never last long enough to become tiresome. George Primrose proves himself a clever negro

personator and his songs and dances add considerable lustre to the performance. The whole show is artistic from start to finish, and anyone who supposes that negro minstrelsy is inseparably connected with bad jokes and worse music will be agreeably disappointed by the merriment and melodies of the Primrose troupe.

Piff Paff Poff! which comes to the Princess in time for a special matinee on New Year's day, is said to be bright, snappy and piquant, and the fun and music is declared to be of a kind that makes the public sit up. It is said to contain enough song hits for two such entertainments. Stange's clever wit, Jerome's lyrics, and Schwartz's music have added immensely to their reputation as popular writers. They have woven a fabric of fun and melody of sufficient strength to remain eight months to uninterruptedly good business at the New York Casino. In *Piff Paff Poff!* more than in any other attraction of a similar kind, the fun is judiciously diversified. There is the drollery of Fred Mace, in his many-sided character of *Peter Poutle*, the sandman; the irresistible flirtation of Kathryn Osterman, as the dashing *Widow Montague*, and R. E. Graham as the millionaire widower; the twinkling feet of the eight skittish little maidens who comprise the *Great Pony Ballet*; the bathing girls; the Easter girls; the Johnnies, and the rest of the long and varied programme. The opening act of *Piff Paff Poff!* is laid in the sands of Atlantic City, N.J., the most famous of all summer resorts. The spectacle of bathing girls, the famous broad walk, and the bath-houses on the beach, does one almost as much good as a real visit to this lively resort in the good old summer time. Then to all this refreshing scene of seaside atmosphere and color are added the clever songs and the witty up-to-date dialogue, and all of a character and tone to make one forget toil and trouble.

Unjust.

Automobilist—How stupid that the police regulations require us to display large numbers; now we'll have to travel so much faster, so they can't be deciphered.



PARKDALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE TRACK CLUB.

Winners interscholastic championship of Ontario, 1905.

Top row—A. R. Duff, S. Vogan, B. Henderson, H. Gall, J. White. Bottom row—L. E. Embree, M.A., Principal; W. D. Stewart, R. Bell, H. J. Crawford, B.A., Manager.

Nineteen hundred and five has been a very successful one for athletics at Parkdale Collegiate. They have won all the school championships for the year. Starting with hockey they annexed the championship in that sport, but are, unfortunately, without ice this year and are not in the series on that account. Then came the inter-collegiate city track meet in May last, in which Parkdale carried off 40 per cent of the total points and the championship. Then lacrosse followed, and here again the west-end boys came out on top without a defeat in the whole series. The interscholastic track meet this fall also went westward, and the U. of T. cup now rests on Jameson avenue for the second time. Last, but by no means least, is the football championship, which P. C. I. won after a tight run with Harbord a few weeks ago. It was the second time that Jameson won the Good-erham cup, having won it last season, Jarvis being the victor.

The school is to be congratulated for this winning five championships in one year—a record indeed. When it is considered that the school is the smallest in the city as far as attendance is concerned, the feat seems all the more meritorious. Mr. H. J. Crawford, who attends to the athletics of the school, deserves great credit for the way in which he has worked up the school spirit in P. C. I., and for the way he has trained the different teams. Up Parkdale way the pupils swear by Mr. Crawford, and there is no better liked teacher in the city.

Sporting Comment

A writer in the *Montreal Gazette*, after a piteous lament over the mercenary weaknesses and shortcomings of latter-day hockey players, proposes a committee of men prominent in Canadian hockey circles, to clean up the sport. There is no doubt about the evils he bemoans, but it is a question if his cure is feasible. Such a committee, even if it were appointed and set to work with some authority, would probably report with the customary ambiguity that nothing could be proven. A committee is usually regarded as an infallible cure for every sort of disease, but they who put their faith in them are generally deceived. Wandering hockey players need something more searching on their trail than a look-wise and do-nothing committee. They are so wary of traps and so cunning in doubling on their tracks that nothing short of Pinkerton's detective agency could run them to earth. In the great majority of cases the evidence against their amateur standing is merely circumstantial. Direct proof is difficult to secure except when some player has a grievance, and in his anxiety to get even lets the cat out of the bag. The Hannay affair in Winnipeg a few weeks ago is a case in point. In this instance the production of signed receipts and contracts proved the existence of a pay roll. The Montreal man thinks such things are deplorable. Everyone will admit that they are not square and above board, but the only possible result of an investigation such as he proposes would be the letting in of light into dark places and the revealing of unsightly blots on the fair escutcheons of many reputable clubs. Moreover, it would do an injustice to many men who receive money for purely legitimate expenses.

The action of the Columbia students last week in publicly hissing and insulting President Butler was a very vulgar yet striking instance of the extravagances and inanities of the football spirit in American college life. The President had not done anything criminal, he had not written a satire on the college student, he had not accepted tainted money; he had merely sanctioned the abolition of football. "Well done, wise and merciful President," say many sane men; but not so these merciless young undergraduate Goths and Vandals exulting in the savageries of the football arena. In their eyes he had done the thing unpardonable. He had interfered with their totem-worship, he had torn down their long-haired, aluminum-padded, gaudily-sweated idols, he had disbanded the peerless, throat-clutching, eye-gouging, ear-chewing chivalry of the gridiron; in short, he had dared to say "Away with football." Grey hairs, learning and position could not save him from the penalties of such sacrilege. He may thank his stars that he escaped with a few cat-calls and jeers. Hanging or burning at the stake might well have been his portion when he roused the ire of the young barbarians under his paternal care. Of course they were not a tribe of South Sea Islanders whose fetich had been destroyed; they were merely young men enjoying a liberal education. It is strange for them to act as they did, but then they had great provocation. They had been deprived of a game which they worship with a fervor amounting to fanaticism, and in the excited state of their feelings a little thing like an insult to their president was of small account. Truly the American student's devotion to football is a strange mixture of barbarity and craziness.

Chauncey Depew, the Foe of Wicked Bookmakers.

Gray hairs without honor, an old man irreverent; such, says the *San Francisco Bulletin*, is Chauncey Depew, who, a few months ago, was one of the most eminent respectabilities in the land. He flits about the Capitol at Washington, looking for a friend; and many of the smug pharisees who sit in the same chamber with him and are no better than he, gather up their coatsails and decline to fraternize; thus treating the aged and facetious pursuer of the main chance as he himself, when he was a leader of the pharisees, treated sinners that had been found out. What a curious contrast between the Depew of a few months ago, contributing to a fund for the purpose of forcing New York race tracks to close, and giving out interviews on the horrors of gambling and the corruption of youth in the immoral atmosphere of the betting ring, and the Depew of to-day, pointed out to scorn, declaimed at from the pulpit, urged by the press to resign, called upon to withdraw from the Yale corporation, and cackling his ancient jokes to diminishing groups whom he must buttonhole to hold. There was a time, and not long ago, when the great Parasite had his own parasites in numbers, as the flea is said to be infested with vermin of a minuter order. Time was when people were very deferential to the representative of the Vanderbilt railways, when his jokes were the rarest to be heard, when it was an honor to walk with him in Pennsylvania avenue, when no door was shut against him.

What finished impudence the old gentleman displayed when, as if bursting with civic virtue, and a sense of righteousness, he sent his cheque to the fund for combating the gamblers and moralized on the debauching of young manhood by the wicked bookmakers; and all the time this pillar of civism and shining exemplar of godliness was grafting on the policyholders of the Equitable, and in return for benefits received was generously moving increases of salary for his accomplices. They scratched one another's backs gaily and vigorously at the directors' meetings of the Equitable, and felt a very proper and pious indignation against the bookmakers who, whatever the objection to their business, at least give their clients some chance to win.

For a year or two we will speak lightly of our captains of industry and eminently respectable millionaires, but human nature will assert itself, the old habit of reverencing wealth will regain its mastery of the popular mind, and a new generation of titanic swindlers will receive our obeisance and take away our money. The insurance investigation is not the first exposure of the sharp practices of high finance. Did the South Sea scandals deter the British public forever from speculating on the strength of weighty names in prospectuses? Are Messrs. Hooley and Whittaker Wright the last of their kind? Are we to suppose that a new race of McCurdys and McCalls, of Platys, and Depews, and Hydys, is not already born? Didn't the great Mr. Merdle in *Little Dorrit* stand for an everlasting type?

Nimble-Witted Newsboy.

A Buffalo man who makes occasional business trips to New York says that he has the highest appreciation of the quickness of wit of the average Gotham newsboy.

The last time he went to that city he found himself in doubt as to the location of a certain bank. Stopping a lad who was hurrying along with a big bundle of "Extras" under his arm, the Buffalo man said:

"See here, son, I want to find the Blank National Bank. I'll give you half a dollar if you direct me to it."

With a grin, the boy replied: "All right, come along." And he led the Buffalo man to a building half a block away.

The man duly paid the promised fee, remarking:

"That was half a dollar easily earned, son."

"Sure!" responded the lad: "but you mustn't fergit that bank directors is paid him in Noo Yawk."

The Mutiny of Mary.

It is a favorite fiction with novelists and poets that women may indulge in weeping without damaging in the least their charms of feature and expression. But I may as well admit at the beginning of this entirely truthful narrative that Mary Raymond was not looking at all pretty as she gazed from her bedroom window on the snow that was falling lightly from the February sky. For two long hours this young person had been giving way to bursts of angry tears, and the result to eyes, nose and cheeks had been nothing short of disaster. But who could wonder at the maiden's grief? She was just nineteen years old, she had a new light blue gown which was eminently becoming to her blonde locks and fair skin—but a stern parent had that morning forbidden her to join the sleighing party that was to set forth in the evening for the Fergusons', the jolliest old home-stand near Benton, with a host and hostess who were never so happy as when they were entertaining a household of young people. Robert Ferguson, a sturdy specimen of the Scotch-Canadian, had made a neat little fortune in lumber when the Georgian Bay district was almost a wilderness, and had built for himself "Stratholm," as hand-ome a house as could be found in the county, and then he had run for Parliament with happy result. He had no children, but "Stratholm" was usually so well filled with youthful visitors that people seldom remembered that there were no young Fergusons. A party at "Stratholm" meant the best of good cheer, and Mary Raymond felt the world grow dark as she reflected on what might not be.

"Mary," said her young brother from the hall, "Bob Hillyer's down in the parlor and wants to see you. I think it's about the party."

"I can't go down like this," said Mary, appearing forlornly at the door.

"Phew!" whistled the youthful Thomas Raymond, "you do look a guy. But girls can always fix up. I'll tell him you'll be down in five minutes."

Tommie departed, leaving Mary to wonder at his unusual urbanity, not knowing that a large bag of walnuts, not to mention certain slabs of molasses toffee, had gone far to convert Tommie into an angel of helpfulness only too willing to aid lovers in distress. When Mary reached the chilly little parlor her face was losing its excessive glow and it was a pink and pathetic countenance which met Bob Hillyer's sympathetic glance.

"I've heard about it," he said gloomily. "It's a beastly shame. Isn't there any way out of it?"

Mary shook her head. "I'm afraid not," she replied with quivering lips. "It's all the fault of Mrs. Broker. Father wouldn't care if she didn't make such a fuss. But she came around last night and said there was going to be dancing at the Fergusons' party, and it would be an everlasting disgrace to the cause if the minister's daughter were seen there. So father just put his foot down and said I wasn't to stir out."

"But you needn't dance if you go," urged Bob, "though, of course, it will be rather slow. Confound the Broker woman! She's always meddling in other people's affairs. In the meantime, her only son is spending most of his time in low taverns. I don't wonder that she is a widow. I believe old Jabez Broker was glad to die." Mary giggled faintly, for Mrs. Broker was the torment of the town and was dreaded by more than one household in Benton, which was, on the whole, a pleasant little town with a spirit of neighborliness and goodwill, as most of the people were too busy and prosperous to cherish envy and all uncharitableness. By the young men Mrs. Broker was especially detested, for she was possessed of the idea that no good thing was ever accomplished by a young man, and she was constantly magnifying juvenile escapades into crimes of shocking enormity. "Carrie Gordon and May Gardiner are both going," said Bob, "and they are members of the church. Why, Carrie Gordon's father is the superintendent of the Sunday school."

"I know," sighed Mary disconsolately, "but their fathers are only members of the church. You see, being a minister's daughter is perfectly horrid; you're expected to be an example. I shouldn't mind so much if it wasn't for that hateful Mrs. Broker. She'll be so delighted to think that she kept me from having a good time."

Bob was a university student, but was home for a week on account of extra work in his father's office. He now recalled a sentence of Macaulay's to the effect that the Puritans disapproved of bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.

"Where's your father?" asked Bob, suddenly. "It might do some good if I were to ask him." This was a truly heroic suggestion, for the young man had all the traditional horror of the parson's study.

"He and mother have both gone out. Don't you remember, Mary? They're going to tea over at Mrs. Rogers'. Let's have pancakes!" exclaimed Tommie from the hall.

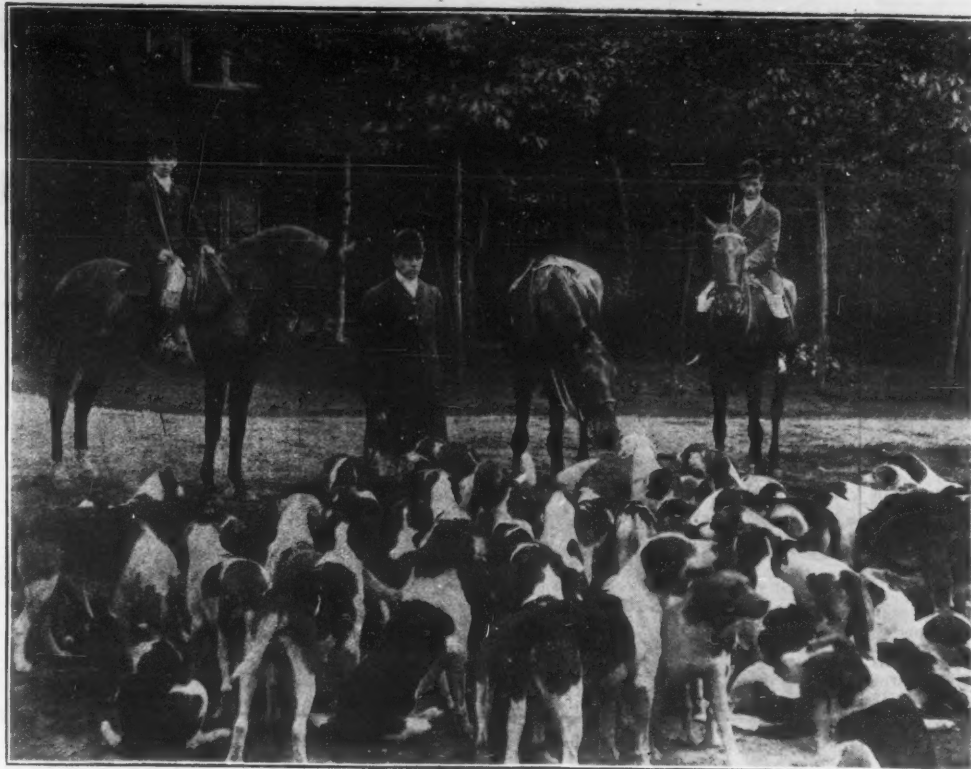
"I've a good mind to—" said Mary with a light of sudden defiance in her eyes; "yes, I will. Tommie, if I make some pancakes and let you ask Frank Bailey over to an early tea, will you stay here with him while I go away to the party?"

"Gee!" said Tommie, gazing at his sister with the awe which her sudden rebellion aroused. "You're pretty plucky to go when you was told not to."

"I don't care," continued the reckless maiden, "I'm sure that mother wants me to go, for she was just as interested as anything in my dress, and when father made a fuss she just sighed and said afterwards it was a pity that John Wesley was so strict. I don't see what John



He—Madam, I am collecting for the drunkards' home. She—I'm very pleased to 'ear it, young man. If you calls to-night you can take my 'usband.



THE STOLEN KISS.

The Toronto Hunt Club's pack of fifty hounds. In the center is Huntsman Mumford, and on the right is the Whip, on the left the Drag.

Wesley has to do with it anyway. He was a cranky old creature whose wife ran away from him." A shudder seemed to pass over the portrait of that great and good man at this reference to his domestic unhappiness.

"Go on," urged Tommie, "it's only half-past four now, and they are going to make a lot of calls and then go to Mrs. Rogers'."

"You can be at Ethel Baker's then after six o'clock," said Mr. Robert Hillyer, who was divided between delight and uneasiness; "there are to be two sleigh-loads—forty of us going. I'll go around to Ethel's now and tell her you'll be there and to keep quiet about it."

A dainty little figure with tucked-up blue skirts and head wrapped in a "woolly white affair" appeared at Ethel Baker's two hours later and was met with much rejoicing. Tommie and Frank Bailey had been left in possession of the parsonage and, having devoured a huge platterful of pancakes, were preparing to do justice to the walnuts and the toffee.

"Your sister's the stuff," said Frank, with a happy glow of the well-fed small boy, "and she's got a lot of pluck to go to that party. But why didn't they want her to go?"

"Cause there's dancing," answered Tommie briefly.

"What's wrong with dancing?" questioned his young friend, who had been reared in the bosom of a Church of England household and who had already been sent to a small dancing class which he regarded with much aversion—"it's just awful silly, and you have to put your arm round a girl and do bows."

"Bows don't seem to have anything wrong about them," said Tommie. "I dunno, but father thinks you're no Christian if you do it." But the conversation soon turned to matters more congenial and the departure of Mary was forgotten.

The sleigh-loads from Benton had in the meantime sped swiftly over the eight miles between the town and "Stratholm," and no one received more cordial greeting from the host than Mary Raymond, whose flushed cheeks and bright eyes were carrying her defiance very prettily. Bob Hillyer had confided the whole story to Mr. Ferguson, whose genial heart was aroused to indignation that a nice girl's enjoyment should be spoiled by a mischief-maker.

"Now, mind you, Bob," he said in warning, "I don't approve of this disobedience at all. She should have stayed at home if the parson said so. But the girl's here and I'll see that she has a good time. She's a pretty little puss, too, with lots of spunk. I'm glad you got ahead of that Broker woman. She's the worst old cat in Canada." He hustled away, leaving Bob rather amazed, for Robert Ferguson was a man who was never known to speak harshly of womankind.

"Aren't you going to dance at all?" said Bob to Mary.

"You know the Lancers, don't you?"

"Yes," said Mary. "I'm going to dance them and the reels and Sir Roger. I think I can waltz pretty well, too, for I've been practising with Ethel Baker on Friday nights. But I don't think I'll try here, for I'd be nervous." It was surprising to most of the party to see Bob Hillyer, one of the best dancers in Benton, quite content to sit out so many waltzes. But Bob was fast reaching that state of mind and heart when the society of one bright and particular maiden is worth all the dancing in the world with the others. He was just wondering whether he might venture to suggest an engagement with the marriage ceremony six years in the distance, when the opening notes of the time-honored Lancers startled him into action.

"This is our dance," he said; "let's be a head couple." The third figure of the dance was going merrily forward, when a slight commotion was observed at the door and the Reverend Edward Raymond, with his overcoat starred with snowflakes, walked into the midst of the circling crowd and the orchestra paused in amazement. In the course of the evening the minister and his wife had returned and had forced the truth from the reluctant Tommie. Mr. Raymond was not in the best of humors, for Mrs. Rogers was an incapable housewife, and the tea had been an inadequate repast, followed by a headache. The news made him resolve that he would follow Mary at all costs, and before eleven o'clock the lights of "Stratholm" gleamed before his angry eyes. The young dancers were aghast, and Mary stood with her face as white as the drifts outside, for public mortification was not a pleasant prospect.

"Mary," he said solemnly, fixing his eyes on her pale blue gown, "I have a sleigh outside and I wish you to come home at once." There was the sound of rustling silk skirts, and a large, florid matron who had been visiting the Fergusons for some time came swiftly towards the minister.

"Why, bless my soul, if it isn't Ned Raymond! I don't believe I've seen you for more than twenty years. It's many the good dance we used to have in the old days, eh, Ned?" He gazed about him in dismay and several of the girls giggled. "Oh, I know you're a minister now, my boy," resumed the irrepressible Mrs. Milligan, "but there wasn't a boy could touch you, either in a waltz or a polka. Come away off with me and have a talk about it. This lad I'm dancing with can get another partner." She led the bewildered and helpless clergyman away and the orchestra resumed the Lancers, which drew to the liveliest conclusion.

"Isn't it a lark?" said Bob, as Mr. Raymond smiled

awkwardly from one end of the table. Mary was allowed to remain until the close of the party, but her father left somewhat hurriedly as soon as he could free himself from Mrs. Milligan's reminiscences, which became even tenderer after supper.

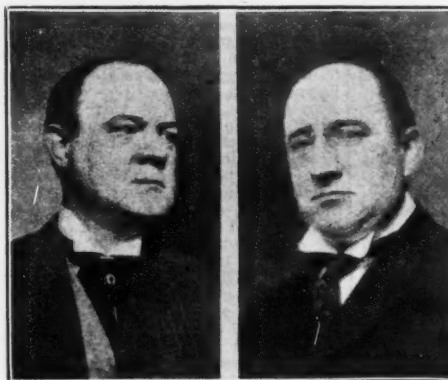
Benton was amused for a whole week, Mrs. Broker was furious, not to say scandalized, but the trustees of Mr. Raymond's church were entirely appeased when Mrs. Milligan appeared the next Sunday evening at the service and actually subscribed twenty dollars towards the missionary funds.

"And just to think," confided Mary to Bob, as they sat on the slippery discomfort of the sofa in the parsonage parlor after church, "that we never knew father had danced. Mother was awfully surprised."

CANADIENNE.

Reporters Brought About the Insurance Investigation.

VERY few Toronto people as they scan their favorite newspapers day by day are ever possessed of any adequacy of appreciation of the work and expense involved in providing them with news and entertaining reading. Not only do the papers keep their readers informed of the happenings of the day, but they are directly responsible in many cases for the unearthing of crime of all sorts and the running down of criminals. In an interesting article on the phenomenal



Louis Seibold.

David Ferguson.

work of reporters in securing big "schoops" and in picking up clues and pursuing them to a successful issue while the police and other authorities looked on impotently, the magazine Success says there would have been no investigation of the insurance companies had it not been for the recent disclosures made by David Ferguson, a reporter for the New York World, who began by prodding the officers of the Equitable about James Hazen Hyde's Cambon dinner and other evidences of ruinous waste. At the outset, Ferguson was laughed at by the men he approached. Hyde and Alexander, the two heads of the Equitable, denied everything—denied that there was any factional uprising in the Equitable, or the slightest unfriendliness between Mr. Hyde and Mr. Alexander. But the reporter kept on prodding and digging patiently until he gained the confidence of some one on the inside whose name will probably never be known. From that time on Ferguson had the situation in his own hands, and what followed is thoroughly known to the American public to-day, having resulted in the greatest upheaval ever known in the history of American finance. Compelled, by the persistent revelations Ferguson was making, to undertake an investigation, Francis Hendricks, superintendent of insurance for the State of New York, filed away a lengthy document containing the testimony he had taken, and it remained for Louis Seibold, another World reporter, to procure a copy of this secret report, which made the longest "story" ever "run" in a newspaper about a single incident—112,000 words. It is still a matter of keenest speculation among the newspaper men of New York how Seibold obtained possession of a copy of a State document, and it will be, probably, a mystery forever. Reporters of Seibold's type never betray confidence. Were the secrets of Messrs. Ferguson and Seibold known concerning the great insurance exposure, they would, undoubtedly, make good reading, but these men made pledges of confidence for the public good, and it goes without saying that those pledges will die with them.

Railroading in the West.

A New Yorker travelling in the West on business was obliged to journey to a mining town in Colorado by the only railroad in that part of the State. The train crawled along at a snail's pace, to the intense irritation of the traveler, who was on urgent business. Finally, when a stop was made at a small station, and no one either boarded or alighted from the train, the passenger could stand it no longer. Calling to the conductor he angrily inquired the cause of the delay.

"It's all right, pard," explained that official; "it's to oblige the station agent here. He wants a mug o' hot water from the engine to shave with."

How Convicts Might Earn a Living for Their Families.

As prison labor presents an awkward problem everywhere, a suggestion made by George B. Wight, State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections of New Jersey, may be interesting as containing the germ of a solution. Commissioner Wight's idea is that when a man of family is imprisoned, the work that he does in the institution should be paid for at market rates and the money be turned over to the prisoner's family.

Three good ends would be achieved by following this plan. The products of cheap prison labor would no longer compete in the market with the products of free, high-priced labor. Prisoners would put more heart into their work and would feel some sense of responsibility, knowing that they were providing for their families. Thirdly, the plan would take from the State the burden of maintaining the families of convicts.

The plan, of course, is at best only a partial solution of the problem, for it does not account for the labor of convicts who have no dependent families, and the number of such convicts is large.

A difficulty in putting the plan into operation would be to determine the market value of the commodities manufactured at the prisons and placed upon the markets. The prisons, of course, could afford to sell their products at a price considerably less than the minimum price at which other manufacturers could make a profit. But as prices are made by the relation of supply to demand, the presence in the market of large quantities of prison-made goods would tend inevitably to depress the price of all goods of the same class, whether made in prisons or in private factories. In most cases it would be extremely difficult to determine by law the minimum price at which prison-made goods of a particular class be sold. A change in the price of raw materials or free labor would upset any prearranged schedule of minimum prices. It would be necessary to permit the prison to sell at least as cheaply as any competitor; yet if some small factory, greatly in need of money, were to make a sale of goods at a price below cost would the prison have a right to sell its entire output or any considerable quantity of goods at that price?

Yet a way might be found of getting around these obstacles; and if there is such a way the plan appears to be well conceived. It is not altogether a new idea or original with Mr. Wight, but it has not been made familiar to the public, and it surely is worth thinking about.

Irishman's Ready Response.

A player formerly in the support of Richard Mansfield recounts an amusing conflict between that nimble-witted actor and a scene manager named Jack Quinn, who at the time was employed at a Western theater.

Quinn was fully aware of the extreme nervousness of the star, who is frequently upset by the slightest unnecessary noise on the stage; so during Mansfield's engagement he took every precaution to see that the actor was not annoyed.

Nevertheless one evening the latter made a vigorous objection to a couple of scene-shifters, who, after some laborious work in the flies, came down to the rear of the stage breathing rather heavily as a result of their exertions. Mansfield chanced to be near them when they stepped to the stage. He nearly froze them with a look. Then he summoned Quinn.

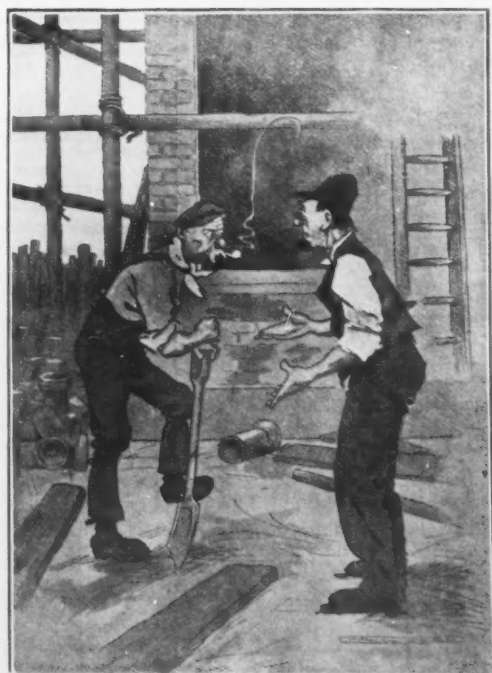
"The breathing of those men annoys me," he said. "I'd answer to the law if I stopped it," was the ready response of the Irishman.

A Curious London Organization.

A curious local organization in London is known as the "Passive Resisters," and is composed of Nonconformist ministers and laymen who have served in jail rather than pay the education rate. The members of this organization, together with a large number of sympathizers, recently celebrated the third National Passive Resistance Day at the London City Temple. A report was read showing that in 1904 there had been sixty imprisonments for non-payment of the tax imposed by the Government. In 1905 the number increased to 231. The 231 imprisonments this year represented 168 individuals, of whom forty-one were committed twice, thirteen three times, six four times, and three five times. In commenting on the imposition of the education rate, Dr. Clifford, a leading "passive resister," declared that Premier Balfour had introduced Russian methods into England, and that he and his fellow "resisters" were determined that these methods should not dominate the country. The Liberal Government, which has lately come into power, will doubtless be importuned by the "resisters" to modify the law they so detest.

Follow Instructions.

A British officer in his expense list on Government service put down, "Porter, twopence." The War Office in a verbose letter pointed out that refreshments while in the execution of public duty were not chargeable to the nation. The officer replied that the item did not represent refreshments, but a fee to a carrier. He received this notice in answer: "You should have said 'porterage.'" The officer treasured the hint. Next time he had occasion to take a hackney coach he put down in his accounts, "Cabbage, two shillings."



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Bill (after listening to a highly improbable story)—Oh! I b'leeve yer all right, Jimmy; but—mind yer—there's 'undreds of thousands as wouldn't.

BOOKS

A star lean'd down and laid a silver hand
On the pale brow of Death—
Before it roll'd bleak shadows from
the land,
The star was Faith.

Across wild storms that hid the
mountains far
In fun'ral cope:
Piercing the black there sail'd a
throbbing star,
The red star Hope!

From God's vast palm a large sun
grandly roll'd
O'er land and sea,
Its core pure fire, its stretching
hands of gold
Great Charity!
—Isabella Valancy Crawford.

In South Africa.

A book that should be of interest to all Britishers has lately been published in Toronto. It is entitled "A Canadian Girl in South Africa," and comes from the pen of Miss E. Maud Graham of Owen Sound, who is one of the teachers who sailed from St. John, April 10, 1902, to pursue their work of instruction in the refugee camps of South Africa. There is nothing foolishly and feverishly enthusiastic about the account. It is a practical and sensible record of work done under peculiar and perhaps unparalleled circumstances. The chapter telling of experiences in England fully bears out what has been said about the British hospitality to those who were going to undertake a most important task.

Some decidedly amusing comments are made in the chapter, "Southampton to Cape Town." The writer speaks her mind plainly on certain matters. For instance: "Then again we Canadian teachers did not fancy our fellow-passengers, and I must confess they did not improve on acquaintance. There was a party of English teachers on board who found it amusing to sit about the decks on the subalterns' knees, until the officer commanding put a stop to it. We were rather pleased to hear that these called us 'The Canadian snobs.' What low-bred English instructors! Merely subalterns, too! We entirely approve of the action of the officer commanding and also of our dignified and decorous maidens from the Land of the Maple."

The author was one of four teachers allotted to the station, Norval's Point, on the south side of the Orange River. Her description of the arrival is both vivacious and instructive. Toronto teachers may consider their lot comparatively easy, in spite of narrow-minded trustees, when they read the following: "Let me describe my school-room and an ordinary morning's routine. I would arrive when the class was finishing a morning hymn, usually a Moody and Sankey, of which they knew very fond, and of which they knew several in English. 'Dare to be a Dane-e-l' was the favorite. Then, at first with Miss Collins' assistance, I would call the roll, and Miss Collins would write out a list of the truants who made the rounds every morning. While she was doing this, I went around and examined feet, hands, neck and ears; specially dirty children were sent back to their tents to wash, and any with velvet roses were sent to the line nurses for treatment."

There follows an account of the ordinary instruction given to small children, who seemed to appreciate their teachers if one may judge from this conclusion: "The highest reward for the day's work was to be allowed to carry teacher's clock back to her tent; a lesser reward was the carrying of a coat or book; and there was always a lively row as to who should hold her hands. And such pathetic little presents they brought to school—a ragged ostrich feather, a battered old Christmas card, a gay cover of a cigarette box, a green quince—treasures to be received with delighted thanks."

Those who have been reading of the Chinese laborers in South Africa will be interested in this statement: "Agitators came down from the Rand, for and against Chinese labor, and could scarcely draw a meagre hearing. Everyone laughed at the amount of political capital made out of the question in the British House, for even the strongest opponents of the Chinese did not for a moment imagine that there could be any possibility of enslaving them; and even their strongest advocates did not promise that the relief in the financial situation would be anything more than a temporary one. Everyone knew that the big syndicates were trying to consolidate the Rand mines, and it was to their interest to make things appear in the worst possible light."

At the conclusion of the chapter on "Repatriation and Compensation" the writer admits: "One disheartening result of the payment of the claims was that many of the educated townspeople threw off the appearance of friendliness which they had worn during the first year, or year and a half, following the war, and revealed themselves as rank Afrikaners. In Northern Cape Colony, indeed, this tendency was most marked. In the little town of Colesburg, for instance, where I had paid two delightful visits during my first year, there was instituted a most unpleasant social

and commercial boycott of the Dutch against the English." It is cheering to Canadians to read this testimony of an Ontario girl, who assuredly had her eyes open during her two years' experience in South Africa. "The more one learns of the attitude of the British Government towards the Dutch people of South Africa since the war, the stronger does one's patriotism become. Never in the history of the world did one nation show such clemency to another; never did a government make such stupendous efforts to obliterate the traces of war; never have those in authority made such wise and generous plans to mitigate the sufferings of the poor."

The book is appropriately and prettily bound in khaki cover with a design of South African suggestion and the illustrations throughout the narrative are quaint and interesting, being from photographs taken by the author. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

A Statue of Kingsley.

An English literary weekly says, with reference to the memorial movement in connection with the author of "Westward Ho!"—"A statue of Charles Kingsley has been completed, and will shortly be set up at the little white town of Bideford, which all who have traveled through the delicious scenery of North Devon must needs know. It was here, in the drawing-room of the Royal Hotel, with its walls of paneled oak and its fine ceiling adorned with foliage and cherubs, snakes and birds, that Kingsley wrote 'Westward Ho!' He went to Bideford in 1854, and resided there some time, owing to the ill-health of his wife. Here, too, having heard that the tracts sent out to the soldiers in the Crimea were used as waste-paper, he penned his 'Brave Words to Brave Soldiers,' of which several thousand copies were despatched to the East. The statue will be erected on the Quay at Bideford. In days of old Sir Richard Grenville's house stood near the Quay, but it has gone. The inn, however, where the lovers of Rose Salterne met and founded the Brotherhood of the Rose, still exists, though it has changed its name."

There are two novels for which I admit an unwearied fondness, and neither of them is of the first rank. One of them is "Westward Ho!" and the other "Lorna Doone." Each has that peculiar personal quality possessed by certain writers whom we can hardly name without a smile of friendliness. Who can speak of Charles Lamb without a softening heart? Who can mention Robert Louis Stevenson without a thrill of comradeship for the brave son of Scotland who died a boy. He who can read of Amyas Leigh and John Ridd and refuse them entrance to his corner of literary cronies is not to be envied. The fighters and the writers of old Devon have made the county of cream and roses an unforgettable spot in England's history and literature.

Edgar Saltus.

In a recent issue of the "Argonaut" there was an article on that clever writer of novels and essays, Edgar Saltus, in the course of which the writer expressed admiration for the work of Mr. Saltus, at the same time admitting its unpopularity. There is an obvious reason for its failure to arouse public sympathy and approval. Mr. Saltus is undeniably, even uncannily clever, but he is frequently unwholesome. His analysis is too delicate to appeal to most readers, and there is a quality approaching decadence in his sentiments that repels many of those who appreciate the pungent flavor of his antithetical sentences. His novel, "The Perfume of Eros," has been more widely read than any of his other fiction, but his recent essays in "Munsey's Magazine," on the rulers of Russia, have shown his peculiar facility for dealing with the dramatic in history. The horrible story of the Romanoffs (to use the common title), is a narrative after Edgar Saltus' own heart, and affords an artistic opportunity

for his ghastly epigrams and unsavory suggestions.

It is usually most unsatisfactory to give sample quotations, but in the case of Mr. Saltus the reader frequently comes upon a paragraph that seems completely typical. In his fifth paper in the "Munsey's" series, concluding the history with the chapter, "King Terror" the first paragraph sets out in thoroughly characteristic fashion: "Rome had a menagerie of gods. She bagged them wherever she found them, imported them in droves, brought them over with slaves, with spoil, with the marvels of exotic elegance and vice. But who her own god was Rome did not know. It was not Jupiter. Jupiter, obviously, was a foreigner, a Greek with a false beard. The national divinity of Rome was home-made and unobtainable. To all but the priests his name was a secret. A senator was put to death for having pronounced it. Since then it has been lost. But in the alert conjectures of modern psychology is the assumption that it was Pavor—Fright."

In conclusion the author resorts to his favorite paradox: "An anarchist wants to do as he likes, an autocrat can. Autocracy is anarchy for the few and anarchy is autocracy for the many. Not a kopeck does it cost to choose between them." The most brilliant pseudo-historic effort by Edgar Saltus appeared several months ago, an essay on Disraeli, the character whom Zangwill has called "The Primrose Sphinx," making a strong appeal to this lower of high lights.

'Varsity Verse.

A small volume, modestly entitled "Some Undergraduate Poems," has recently been published in Toronto by William Briggs. It consists of short poems by six young writers who sign merely their initials to their compositions. "Nights of Splendor," by L. O., shows traces of the influence of French models, the "Ballade," with its refrain, "Who are the Lords of Earth, I Wonder," being a marked illustration. Among the translations, "Catullus C.I." by C. E. H. F., is the most noticeable. Some curious liberties are taken with rhyme in the collection "Old French Metres," but L. O. plays gayly an old tune in "A Ballade of Epicurus." C. A. L. writes a poem, "Ishvara," which has somewhat uneven merit, and is undoubtedly mystic in source. Among W. S. W.'s "Fragments" there is a dainty snatch of song:

"Come and go, bits of snow,
Fall and melt away;
All our life is come and go
On a winter's day."

All is dark, care andark,
On a winter's day:
Take the Light to scare the dark
While you chance to stay."

It would be interesting to know what performance at the Grand could have evoked "Monitor Admonitus," by L. O.

Notes.

The production, "The Peace Conference," by C. V. White, is announced as a poem. It is nothing of the kind, consisting of forty-six pages of as dreary nonsense as ever was bound in a dainty blue cover, adorned with weird leaves and gold letters. Mr. Richard G. Badger of Boston publishes the alleged poem on irreproachable paper with wide margins. War is unpleasant, as General Sherman has said, but its perils are to be pre-

ferred to a peace spent in reading such lines as:

"A curse upon
The rapid-firing gun!
On the inhuman dum-dum's throes,
On submarines and torpedoes!"

Morley Roberts' absurd and delightful story, "Lady Penelope," continues to hold its place in popular favor, and Mr. Roberts appears to have forsaken the dismal subjects of his early work, his latest novel being of the same light, impalpable stuff as "Lady Penelope."

This has been, so book-sellers declare, a remarkable "Dickens" Christmas, the works of the great English novelist associated with the festive season having sold enormously both in England and America. It would hardly seem like December in English-speaking countries if Marley's ghost were not to walk that a world of Scrooges might take warning thereby. Next to his Christmas books, "David Copperfield" is said to be the Yuletide favorite among the Dickens novels. Among the most interesting books adapted from his works is "Ten Girls from Dickens," by Kate Dickinson Sweetser, "introducing to young folk the immortal children of Dickens." It is published by Fox, Duffield & Co., New York.

"More Misrepresentative Men," by Captain Harry Graham, continues to have extensive sales, and one prosaic librarian has actually added it to the list of biographies. It is rather amusing to find that several United States journals refer to the author as "Miss Ethel Barrymore's fiancé," instead of giving his own name and title. It is evident that it will take all the gallant Captain's cleverness to keep him from being known in future as Mrs. Barrymore-Graham's husband.

An announcement is made by Fox, Duffield & Company of the publication of "Everyman," the famous morality play which attracted so much attention some years ago. It is printed on paper of antique finish and consists of forty-three pages, with an introduction, and seven illustrations reproduced from old sixteenth century woodcuts.

A writer in the "Standard" of London, England, boldly asserts that the intellectual level of English women has been lowered in the last fifty or sixty years, and bases his conclusion on a statement that English women nowadays read only the lighter forms of literature. They read French novels and plays, and sensational English fiction generally. Their grandmothers, he declares, used to read Scott's poems and romances, and they also read history for their own sake. Such girls now would regularly read Freeman, Froude, Carlyle and Stubbs.

It is stated that Ralph Waldo Trine's "Life Books," of which "In Tune With the Infinite" is one, have reached a circulation of over 300,000 copies. A Japanese and a Russian edition of the above mentioned book, in addition to the eight editions and translations already published, are now being negotiated for. Of the foreign editions so far published the largest demand has been for the German.

The "Academy" announces: "Readers of that capital romance, 'The White Company,' will welcome the reappearance of Sir Nigel Loring, who is to be the hero of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new serial story in the 'Strand Magazine.' That the story is exciting no one will need to be assured." J. G.



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Sanity and Men's Apparel as Compared with Women's

MAN, that paragon of animals, takes the rude liberty of laughing at the follies of women as displayed in clothes. The average man—that admirable creature of the fancy who is held responsible for so much—is disposed to judge the intellectual capacity of women by that of the silliest of their sex, and his patronizing jocularity toward the females of his species is excited in a peculiar manner by the irrationality of the fashions in women's attire. He sneers at the intellect that stoops so low as to wear hoop skirts when those monstrosities happen to be the mode. He takes the bustle as proof sufficient in itself to convince any unbiased mind that the female intellect is feeble. He has scorn and contempt for French heels as an abstraction, although French heels in the concrete, exhibited by a neat ankle, will twist his neck into a knot. He rages eloquently about the iniquity of the corset, although he would upbraid his own wife as an immodest slattern if she went upon the street without her stays. He laments at millinery and asks if women would wear dead cats, instead of birds, upon their heads should fashion so decree.

Now the strongest wish to flatter womankind will not render a bold man hardy enough to undertake a criticism of women's absurd apparel. The long skirt alone would make a fool of such a man, for it is an indefensible garment. But one can at least, on behalf of the woman, hurl a tu quoque at the complacent male critics. One can resent the implied assumption, running through all the jocularity and all the sneers at women's attire, that men are sartorially sane; that man's clothes are Nature's most logical drapery for the masculine form divine. This assumption by the men is an egotistical fallacy. Men, far more than women, are the slaves of fashion in clothes. Men's clothing is no less preposterous, to a philosophic and discerning eye, than women's.

What garment is essentially more absurd than the stiff-bosomed white linen shirt? What is the essential quid of the necktie? Who dares attribute to the modern trouser grace of outline or any form of beauty? Is there any logic that can demonstrate the utility and elucidate the reasonableness of the cuff of civilization?

Let him among us who is willing to discard starched linen shirts, cuffs and collars, cast the first stone at women's corsets. Let sneers at the bustle come only from men that never wear tall hats. No man has a right to ask women to renounce feathers and birds in their millinery unless he stands ready to throw away his trousers of the contemporary cut and draw over his shanks the knee breeches of the eighteenth century, or the tartan plaid of the Highlander. If men will have logic and reasonableness in matters of apparel let them commence with themselves.

Joking, Too.

Adam Smith, the economist, fell in love and proposed. The offer was refused. Next day the lady met Smith in Prince's street, Edinburgh, and reopened the question of the proposal. "You remember what I said?" the lady inquired, and the philosopher replied that he did. "Well," added the lady, "I was only joking." "You remember what I asked?" said Smith. "Yes," replied the lady, "Well," said Smith: "I was only joking, too."

In Dead Earnest.

A traveling man received the following telegram from his wife: "Twins arrived to-night. More by mail." He went at once to the nearest office and sent the following reply: "I leave for home to-night. If more come by mail, send to Dead Letter Office."

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Nature's Laxative Water
CURES ALL THESE TROUBLES
Dose: Half a Tumbler on Rising

Anecdotal

One time when Joaquin Miller was in Chicago, he was interviewed for one of the newspapers. While he was telling of the progress of things Western, the reporter interrupted him with an enquiry about the numerous city conflagrations out West. The poet of the Sierras instantly replied: "Our fires are caused by the friction of rapid growth."

After the dentist had extracted a small boy's tooth, the victim asked for the tormentor. "Certainly, my little man, but why do you want it?" queried the dentist, handing it over. "Well, sir," responded the gratified boy, "I'm going to take it home and I'm going to stuff it full of sugar. Then I'm going to put it on a plate, and, with a triumphant grin, 'watch it ache.'"

Representative Adamson of Georgia, while going to Washington one day, noticed a crowd around the depot at one of the stations down in North Carolina, and poked his head out of the window, and asked of a negro: "Adam, what's the matter here?" "Jim Johnson's dead, sah," was the answer. "Somebody shoot him?" "No, sah; nobody done nuthin' to him; he jis died all at once unannounced."

The following conversation that actually took place in Manila is significant and very amusing: American housekeeper to Filipino servant: "Why is it, Ramon, that you worked so well for the Spaniards and for so little? They treated you very badly, while I treat you very well; they paid you only two pesos, per month, and you demand of me twenty-five; I do not understand it." Ramon replied: "Ah, senora, the Spaniards were our superiors. You Americans are our equals."

At a musical comedy in London, from his seat in the stalls, Clyde Fitch noticed a young man in one of the boxes laughing uproariously. His companion was a critic, and Mr. Fitch said to him: "That boy in the box seems to be enjoying himself." "He is the author," said the critic. "Well, then," said Fitch, "I think he ought to have better taste than to laugh so loud." "Oh," said the critic, "he is the author, but he never heard these jokes before. They were put in by the comedian."

A man, wishing admittance to heaven, knocked at the celestial port. St. Peter responded and demanded credentials. "Oh," said the applicant, "I am Mr. Johnstown of Johnstown flood fame." He was admitted, and in a few days St. Peter met Mr. Johnstown again and asked him how he liked heaven and his neighbors. "All but the old party with the long white beard. Whenever I tell about the Johnstown flood he always says, 'Oh, rats!' St. Peter smiled. "The bearded man," he said, "is Noah."

James Whitcomb Riley, in company with the gentlemen who used to manage his lecture tours, was once examining a hall in a town in Ohio where it was proposed Mr. Riley should give a reading. The two men had as their guide a colored janitor who was quite talkative. Mr. Riley observed that the janitor made use of long words of whose meaning he was ignorant. So the poet determined to have a little fun with him. All at once Mr. Riley began to sniff the atmosphere critically. "It seems to me, Jim," he said sternly, "that the acoustics in this place are pretty bad." "Why, boss," said the janitor reproachfully, "yis' shore must be mistaken; I don't smell anything."

Bliss Carman, the poet, tells of the extraordinary coolness and self-possession exhibited by a Boston man who lives in a hotel that was recently damaged to a considerable extent by fire. The guest slept through a greater part of the dangerous time, and it was only by the greatest difficulty that he could be awakened and rescued from his perilous plight. When the firemen had got him into the corridor, he insisted upon going back to his room "just for a moment" in order to get certain important papers. Against their earnest protestations he did so. When he returned he waved a few sheets of paper triumphantly in the faces of the firemen. "I couldn't find them all," exclaimed he, "but at least I've rescued the list of books I've read this year!"

During the hottest fighting in the Shipka Pass, the leading battalion of the Russian General Dragomiroff's division recoiled before a hailstorm of Turkish bullets. The general was a very stout person, and had the general appearance of a peaceful German professor. But when he saw his men recoil, he dismounted and walked slowly to and fro along the ridge swept by the enemy's bullets. He was a hundred yards in advance of the men, occupying the position they had abandoned. After staying there for a while without being touched, he shouted back to the battalion: "What are you doing, you geese? Did you think there was danger here? I don't find any!" The men responded with a roar of cheers, doubled up to him, and charged so fiercely that the Turks were forced to retreat.

It happened years ago, during a New York run of "Camille," but it was so far from the sort of thing that is easily forgotten that Clara Morris still loves to tell the story, usually prefacing it with: "Somewhere in the wide, wide world there is an actor—and a good actor—who can never eat celery without thinking of me." Then she explains: "In the first scene of 'Camille,' Armand takes a rose from his mistress's love token. But this particular night, just before we reached that point, I suddenly missed the flower from its accustomed place on my breast. I had to have the blossom, or something for a substitute; the strength of the scene hung on it. As I talked my lines I hunted the stage with eager eyes, but no rose was there, and the only possible something in its place was the celery on the dinner-table of the setting. Any port in a storm. I went over to the table; I twisted the celery tops into a tight bunch, and I began the words: 'Take this flower.' It held and caressed it will fade in an evening. Armand rose to the occasion for he managed to control himself long enough to reply: 'It is a cold, scentless flower. It is a strange flower.' And I thoroughly agreed with him."

THREE PRAYERS BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

FAMILY prayer was the custom in Samoa, where the famous novelist, Robert Louis Stevenson, spent his last days. A number of inspiring prayers written by this most cheerful of men have been collected by his wife and published in a small volume, there are three. The first one, commencing "The day returns," is familiar and is seen everywhere, even over busy men's desks. The others are equally fine and strong:

Morning.

The day returns, and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely to our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us with the end the gift of sleep.

For Success.

Let peace abound in our small company. Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not be, give us strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death loyal and loving one to another.

Evening.

Lord, receive our supplications for this house, family, and country. Look down upon ourselves and upon our absent dear ones. Give us health, food, bright weather, and light hearts. In what we meditate of evil, frustrate our will; in what of good, further our endeavors, cause injuries to be forgotten, and benefits to be remembered. Let us lie down without fear, and awake and arise with exultation.

Joseph's Postscript.

There lives near Richmond, Virginia, a family of some social distinction, who have in their employ a small negro boy. Much to the annoyance of the ladies of the household, this pickaninny for a long time would persist in neglecting his nominal duties and would idle about the grounds of the place. Finally, one day the mistress of the establishment, adopting a strategic course, handed the boy pencil and paper, saying:

"Here, Joel! Write me a letter." With a grin the lad obeyed. In a short time there came from him a shrill call:

"Missus Blank, I've got it wrote! It says: 'Dear Missus—Kin I go down to the croquet court and see 'em play croquet? Respectfully yours, Joe Jones.'"

Mrs. Blank, not yet ready to allow him that recreation, said:

"Very well. Now, write me a postscript."

Then she forgot all about Joe. Some hours afterward she chanced to observe a note stuck in a door-jamb. Opening it, she read the message first written by Joe, and underneath it this postscript: "I have went."

"He is such a big-hearted chap!" "Great Scott! Is he as ill-behaved as all that?"



WITH BEST INTENTIONS.
Mr. Fuller (genially—Shay, organ grinders!) Play "Everybody Worksh but (hic) Father" an I'll (hic) sing it.

A Spoiled Romance.

He looked like a young Greek god as the lady novelists say, but he was not a young Greek god; he was a young English clerk without immediate prospects. But want of immediate prospects did not prevent him from falling in love. This sort of thing does occasionally happen. He fell in love with a young lady of his own rank; he took her out on Sundays, also on Saturdays if he did not happen to be playing cricket or football. She fell in love with him because he was tall, of fine appearance, courageous, and not addicted to alcohol. They might have gone on like that for years without progress, but without retrogression. Her people were a little dismally about it. They wondered whether it would ever come to anything. Though he had no prospects she certainly had a temper.

They traveled from Baker street on Sunday out into the beautiful country. There they lunched at a beautiful public house and after luncheon strolled through green lanes together. She plucked a daisy.

"Now, that's quite a common thing," she said, "yet it has always been rather a favorite of mine." It must be added that she was rather weak on the "a" sound in "favorite."

He took the daisy and placed it reverentially in his letter-case next to a communication from his tailor to the effect that they were making up their books at that time of the year and an early remittance would oblige.

She read the act as a token of his affection and a graceful compliment to herself, and she was well pleased. They had an empty first-class carriage to themselves on the way back to Baker street and two half third returns. They were quite happy.

"What a manly, noble fellow he is," she said to her younger sister that night, and her younger sister said, "Oh, rats!"

I cannot offer the slightest defence for the language or the manner of the younger sister.

Next Sunday they would have gone into the beautiful country again, but it happened to be raining. He called round in the afternoon and mamma asked him to stay to tea. This she did without enthusiasm. She observed afterwards that he kept stopping on and stopping on till she did not see any way out of it. The girl who was engaged to him managed to get a few minutes alone with him. Both mamma and the younger sister took a good deal of shunting, but the thing was effected. She pressed a folded paper into his hand and said that it was some poetry which she had made. It must be added that she called it "poetry." He was not to read it then, he was to take it back with him, and afterwards he was to say exactly what he thought of it.

Very likely she had no gift for that kind of thing. It was funny the way ideas came into your head. A girl friend of hers had seen it and had said that she had often seen worse things in the magazines. But possibly the girl friend was no critic.

He told her that her whole life was a poem, which on the spur of the moment was not bad. He then placed the poem reverentially in his letter-case next to a memorandum to have five shillings both ways on Innocentia for the Cesarewitch.

On the following Sunday he took her into the beautiful Regent's Park. If you spend all your money on railway fares from Baker street you have nothing left to put on Innocentia. There in a retired spot he repeated the whole of her poem by heart and said that it was as beautiful as she was, and no one could say more than that.

But the next Sunday spoiled everything. He called in the morning to take her out and she produced a large plate covered with pieces of a singularly adhesive toffee.

"You see," she said brightly, "that I can make other things besides poetry. Now you must eat a piece of this and tell me if you like it." He changed color and stammered. It was very good of her. He was awfully obliged. The fact was that he never ate sweets. The doctor had practically ordered him to give them

up. He thought it a bad thing to eat between meals.

She said that if he did not think it was good he need not eat it.

He said that he was sure it was excellent.

"Then don't be silly," she said.

But he was silly; or perhaps one might say that he was discreet; or perhaps one might put it better that he was the victim of destiny. It was not his fault that he had had two front teeth knocked out at football and he was probably quite right to have them replaced by a dentist. They would have stood any ordinary strain. Thus it was that he lost one of the few girls whom he had ever really loved. But he kept his hideous secret.

—Barry Pain, in "The Tatler."

Revised Version.

It was a dark night. The rain came down in torrents. Flashes of lightning at times lighted up the dense atmosphere. Suddenly, in front of the inn at the edge of the clearing, a man on horseback drew up, and, quickly dismounting, rang the bell. Presently the lights inside moved, and a woman shuffled forward.

"Take my horse," said the man, "and give me food and shelter for the night!"

At the same time he flung a huge carpet-bag on the floor in front of him, and the contents jingled.

The woman's sinister face lighted up as she saw the bag, and, hastily bidding her guest enter, she called for a man to take his horse. Then, showing the stranger and his carpet-bag to a room on the floor above with the usual trap-door in it, and telling him that tea would be ready in ten minutes, she went to summon her husband.

As soon as the stranger was alone he hastened to open the carpet-bag. It was filled with gold. Placing it carefully under the mattress where it could surely be seen, he descended to the floor below.

His supper was waiting for him. The landlord came forward and shook hands cordially.

"Haven't seen you for some time!" he said.

"No," replied the stranger. "I've been busy—too busy to eat. What's on hand to-night?"

"Usual thing!" grinned the landlord.

Supper was eaten in silence. At the end the guest announced his intention of retiring. He was given a candle that flickered in the dull light, and was just about to move off upstairs when the landlord stopped him.

"Well, my friend," he said, "how will you have it this time? Will you be strangled, hit over the head with a jimmy, or slide down through that trap into a well?"

The stranger paused.

"Can't you give me something new?" he exclaimed. "I'm sick and tired of this sort of thing. Here I've been a dime novel character all my life, and it's getting monotonous. Can't you do some new stunt?"

The landlord grinned gleefully, showing the usual two fangs.

"Sure!" he observed. "We're nothing to set up to do. At three o'clock in the morning you'll slide out on a chute into the middle of the road and be run over by an automobile. After which Maria and I will shake for the ducats!"—"Puck."

When His Turn Came.

The story is told of an Irishman who bitterly resented the prejudice against his race that he believed constantly militated against him. On one occasion, when he applied for a place on a sailing vessel, the captain asked for a reference.

"A reference," exclaimed the Irishman, "for a common sailor's job?"

But the captain insisted, and the reference had to be obtained before he was engaged. When presently another applicant, an Englishman, was engaged for a similar place, but without demand for reference, naturally the Irishman was indignant. He was, of course, obliged to smother his anger, but he cherished his grudge both against the other sailor and the captain.

One day the two sailors were at work near each other, each with a pail of soapuds, scrubbing off the deck. The Englishman was resting his pail on the rail for an unguarded moment, when a sudden lurch of the vessel sent him overboard with his implements.

The Irishman arose, shouting lustily; then recollecting himself he suppressed the "man overboard" that came to his lips.

As the captain and others came running to see what the hubbub meant the Irishman waved his arms dramatically toward the unfortunate sailor struggling in the water.

"The Englishman that ye took without a reference, sor," he said, "is gone off wid yer pail!"

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MR. GERHARD HEINTZMAN provided a great feast of music, to say nothing of other good things, at the smoking concert given to the employees of the firm on Thursday evening of last week. Our three leading piano virtuosos, Messrs. Harry Field, J. D. A. Tripp and Frank Welsman, gave a splendid selection of pieces by Chopin, Liszt and others, and vied with each other in friendly rivalry in playing in their best form. It was pleasant to see the three artists appearing on the same concert platform on the same occasion, and the event was quite unique. Toronto can congratulate itself in having produced such a talented trio, and it might not be a bad idea if in the near future they should arrange to give a combination public recital. Mr. Heintzman supplemented this great attraction by the three accomplished vocalists, Messrs. Pigott, Armstrong and Dr. Richardson, the last named gentleman an amateur of brilliant gifts. Altogether a delightful evening was spent, the proceedings passing most smoothly, thanks to the offices of Mr. Killar, the chairman. The presentation of a portrait to Mr. Gerhard Heintzman was reported in last week's issue.

A new Philharmonic Society is being organized in Montreal, with Earl Grey, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Lord Strathcona among the directors. It is proposed to give two concerts every February, with the co-operation of the Pittsburgh Orchestra. The society, it is intended, will promote the interests of native art by affording a hearing to meritorious Canadian compositions.

Emil Paur's Pittsburgh Orchestra is said to be made up of Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, Russians, Poles, Belgians, Englishmen, Canadians, Greeks, Hollanders, Scandinavians and United Statesers.

The original or earlier version of Beethoven's opera, "Fidelio," was recently performed in Berlin with great success. Dr. Erich Prieger, who unearthed the original score, has called attention to scenes of great beauty which Beethoven cut out in the later version in order to please theater managers who thought the opera too long. It is probable that the older form of the opera will be generally adopted in the opera houses of Europe, and no doubt New York, with its usual enterprise, will produce it in the near future.

On Friday evening of last week the choir of the Metropolitan Church presented Dr. Torrington, their organist and choirmaster, with a handsome pair of books, as a mark of their esteem and regard, and also as a recognition of the value they attached to his instruction. Dr. Torrington, who was taken by surprise, replied in feeling terms, and in reviewing his thirty-two years' direction of the choir of the church said that his aim had always been to make the music services a part of the regular church worship. The presentation was made by Mr. J. F. Tilley on behalf of the choir.

As will be observed from the announcement in our advertising columns, the time for receiving subscriptions for the first ballot in connection with the concert of the Toronto Choral Union, on Thursday, March 23rd, closes on Tuesday, January 23rd. This excellent chorus numbers 300 voices, and is the finest body of singers Mr. Fletcher has ever had under his baton. The society will give the first production in Canada of Mendelssohn's romantic opera, "Loreley," and Schubert's "Omphale." Madame Shanna Cumming of New York, who has a continental reputation as an oratorio and concert singer, will sing the part of the heroine.

Santa Claus has paid his annual call, and another season of feasting and gift-giving has been added to the roll, but a greater treat than Santa Claus can provide (for music-lovers) is yet to come, just one month from Christmas, viz., "Samson," as it will be presented in Massey Hall by the Sherlock Oratorio Society. Under the painstaking direction of Mr. J. M. Sherlock, the work of chorus and orchestra is rapidly being rounded into shape. Each member of the society appears to take personal interest in having his or her part as near perfect as possible, and the result is that the choruses already go with a snap and precision that augur well for the presentation on January 25th. The soloists are all New York artists of high-class reputation.

A feature of the service at Jarvis street Baptist Church last Sunday evening was the singing by the choir of Peter Cornelius' "Christmas Song" for baritone solo and eight-part chorus, the solo being taken by Mr. A. L. E. Davies. This beautiful ex-

ample of choral writing was one of the most popular shorter numbers at last season's concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir, and is particularly suitable for the Christmas services of any well balanced choir.

Dr. Ham was a proud man on Christmas day, when the new organ of St. James' Cathedral was opened. He is quite pleased with the addition to the main instrument and expects great things when it gets settled down to its environment. The specification of the echo addition is as follows: Orchestral oboe, 8 feet; echo bourdon, 16 feet; open diapason echo, 8 feet; viol da gamba, 8 feet; Gedacht echo, 8 feet; dolcissimo echo, 8 feet; tremolo; pedal, Lieblich bourdon, 16 feet; pedal, open diapason, 16 feet.

The brother of Tchaikowsky, in his life of the great composer, translated by Rosa Newmarch, quotes one of the letters of the creator of the "Pathetic" on the process of composition as follows: "Generally speaking, the germ of a composition comes suddenly and unexpectedly. It would be vain to try to put into words that immeasurable sense of bliss which comes over me directly a new idea awakens in me and begins to assume definite form. I forget everything and behave like a madman. Everything within me starts pulsing and quivering; hardly have I begun the sketch ere one thought follows another. In the midst of this magic process it frequently happens that some external interruption wakes me from my somnambulistic state; a ring at the bell, the entrance of my servant, the striking of a clock, reminding me that it is time to leave off. Dreadful indeed are such interruptions."

Max Reger is beginning to attract a great deal of attention in England, Germany and even the United States. The London "Musical Times," in the current number, has the following about him: "He is unique among gifted composers in that he has waited till he reached the high public number 90 before offering the public an orchestral piece. In these days when babies write symphonies (and conduct them, too) and every phyphye worries himself into hysterics and long hair because Dr. Richter, Dr. Cowen, Mr. Wood or Mr. Dan Godfrey refuses to give his 'Autobiographical Poem for grand orchestra, Op. 1,' an early hearing, Reger's reticence is indeed a wonder. He wrote some orchestral works as a boy, but they doubtless went to make a bonfire when he commenced studying his beloved Bach. Since then he has written chiefly for the organ and developed a style which for polyphonic complexity and modulatory freedom has not its equal. That a musician like Reger, wielding the sceptre of contrapuntal incognito, should choose the title of 'Sinfonietta' for his first incursion into the Magic Flower Garden of the modern orchestra suggests a becoming, albeit old-fashioned modesty. That he should employ an orchestra without trombones and with only two extra horns, a harp and three kettle drums, to distinguish it from Mozart's symphony orchestra, savors almost of affectation. We expect something simple, something that might come as an agreeable contrast after the complexities of Strauss, Elgar, Von Hausegger, Mahler, Delius, etc. The first page of the score seems to fulfill our expectations, for it conveys the impression that we shall rock ourselves upon the simple 6-8 rhythm of a pleasant serenade. But turn over the leaves and polyphonic puzzles and chromatic crabbedness appear in ever increasing confusion until we realize that we have before us one of the most bewildering polyphonic and chromatic scores in existence. Here we have once more a powerful work, which is meant to be taken as music and nothing else. That Germany is not deaf to his appeal is shown by the extraordinary fact that before even the score of the 'Sinfonietta' was published no fewer than thirty-eight performances of the work were announced."

The choral works, accompanied and unaccompanied, to be performed by the Mendelssohn Choir this season are sixteen in number, divided as follows: Three works by English composers, one by a French composer, one by a Norwegian, three by a Russian, one by an Italian and seven by Germans, the composers drawn upon being Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Cornelius, Mendelssohn, Gounod, Elgar, Bridge, Thomson, Tchaikowsky, Grieg and Palestrina, a truly representative group. The majority of the choral contributions of the February concert will be new to Toronto, a fact which indicates the immense amount of work assumed by the chorus this season in order to properly interpret the chosen works by February. Notwithstanding numerous requests for the repetition of some of last season's most popular smaller works at the approaching cycle of concerts, it has been decided

to adhere to the policy of the society, which is to avoid including in any season's concerts any of the works performed by the society in the season immediately preceding.

Mr. Stead, for want of anything else to slaughter, falls foul of the opera, of which he says that "it is all so preposterously impossible, so palpably unreal, that you have to keep your wits strained with the effort to make believe." His discussion leads the London "Truth" to remark that no doubt the skill of a composer is shown "by the extent to which he succeeds in reconciling the claims of probability with the necessities of the convention which must be perforce accepted," and to offer the following interesting comparison between Brahms and Wagner:

"Perhaps from this point of view opera in its earlier days, in the form of the Singspiel for instance, in which you have the action carried on mainly by spoken dialogue and music employed only for the more emotional situations, had something to be said for it. It may be recalled indeed in this connection that even to-day there are those who regard this as the ideal form of music drama. Brahms, for instance, was one of those who took this view, and it he had ever carried out the intention which so often occupied his mind of writing an opera the work in question would have taken this form. Any other arrangement he regarded as illogical. He could not undertake to provide music, was his attitude, for every line of the dialogue, but only when the situation warranted it. Also he was a purist to the point of pedantry in the matter of realism under other heads. His inveterate logical habit of mind, we are told, made it repugnant to him to take certain things for granted for the sake of stage exigencies. Thus referring to a scene in a certain opera, in the course of which three soldiers go into a drinking cellar and do not reappear, he gravely inquired, 'What becomes of them?' No wonder he could not find a libretto to his liking.

"Beethoven felt the same difficulty in regard to the setting to music of dialogue necessary to the action but unsuited to musical treatment—and handled it on the whole with conspicuous good judgment and discrimination, even if he hardly succeeded in finding the final solution of the problem. It was left for Wagner to come nearer to doing this than any of his forerunners. By the combination of a vocal part rising from declamation barely removed from natural speech up to the most inspired and impassioned melody with an orchestral accompaniment whose interest never ceases, he contrived to satisfy at once the needs of the drama and the requirements of the musician. Certainly it is impossible to imagine any sort of compromise more completely fulfilling all the necessities of the case than that embodied in, say, 'Tristan' or 'Die Meistersinger.' They used to talk of Wagner putting the bust in the orchestra and the pedestal on the stage, but his gift has long since lost its point if ever it possessed any. It is the wonderful way in which by means of the orchestra the musical interest is always sustained, while the voice parts are allowed to take precisely that shape which the dramatic exigencies require, which constitutes the supreme distinction of the Wagnerian music drama."

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"Madam," replied the doctor coldly, "medicine is no trivial affair, and our visits are to be rewarded only in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendships, but they do not sustain our families."

"But, Doctor," said the lady, alarmed and wounded, "speak—tell me the best of it."
"Two hundred dollars, Madam."
The lady opened the embroidered purse, took out five bank notes of one hundred dollars each, gave two to the Doctor, put the remaining three back in the purse, bowed coldly, and took her departure.

To Balance Account.

Mr. Stocks—Old Jorkins dropped a cool ten thou' on 'Change to-day, and didn't turn a hair over it.
Mr. Skripps—No. He told me his wife has done very well at bridge this week.

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THAT STRENUOUS LIFE.

By Jerome K. Jerome.

E was a solemn-looking man. As he stepped from the tug at Cherbourg on to the deck of the "St. Louis," he shook himself, as if to cast from him the last remaining specks of the dust of Europe.

"When do we reach New York?" he demanded of the second steward in passing.

"Saturday morning, nine-thirty, God willing," replied the second steward.

"Hope he is," muttered the solemn-looking man, and disappeared into the depths.

Early next morning I came across him on the promenade deck. He was smoking a long cigar. Every now and again he would take it from between his lips; would regard it for a few moments with an expression of intense disgust, and then replace it.

I said to him, "And how do you like Europe?"

"Eu-ropel!" he answered, with the accent on the "rope." "I can exist, sir, without seeing Eu-ropel again for the rest of my natural life!" It was clear that in some way he was angry with Europe.

"What has she been doing to you?" I queried.

"Doing?" he retorted. "Europe has not, I should say, been doing anything to anybody for a considerable time, and won't! Europe, sir, is in a comatose condition; that's what's the matter with her."

"We go a bit slower than you do," I admitted.

"I shouldn't call it 'going slow,' or 'fast,'" he made reply. "I reckon it's just standing still, waiting for the judgment day! I called the first morning I got over upon one of your business men. I called at eight o'clock, but I didn't get an answer. The first thought I had was that maybe he was dead, but a milkman—the only living thing in the street unless you count cats—suggested my coming back at nine. At a quarter past nine I found what with you passes for a boy, smoking a cigarette. He suggested my looking in again at ten. Ten o'clock in the morning! Christopher Columbus! Ten o'clock was that man's idea of the time to begin work."

"They're most of them the same," I said. "They get up about eight and have a quiet breakfast with the wife and children. Then maybe they light a pipe and have a stroll around the garden, come in and talk about the roses, or get in a bit of exercise with the lawn-mower."

"I called on a man one day," he said, "at ten minutes past one. They told me he had just that minute gone out to lunch. I said I'd wait. They gave me a paper and fixed me up in an easy-chair. I waited there, sir, from ten past one until five-and-twenty past two. An hour and a half that man was feeding! Why, in America we'd have fed for a month in the time. I expected to see him come back looking like a balloon; but no, sir; back he came looking no fatter than when I had seen him three hours earlier. I put it to him—I was curious—what did he have for lunch? Why, an American, sir, would have put himself outside that amount under the three minutes!"

"You're quite right," I said. "They choose something they like, and just sit there and enjoy it, and afterward they talk to one another about things that interest them. It's our way."

"Another time," he continued, "if

when I called on a man, he hadn't gone out to tea. Tea, sir! By Jove! they'll be fanning themselves next, and carrying smelling-salts! At five o'clock they go home—shut up for the day, sir, and go home!"

"Hardly seems worth while being born, to do a little bit of work like that, does it?" I suggested. He agreed with me.

"His idea was that after such a life as that you'd hardly know when you were dead—the difference would be so slight."

"Tell me," I said, "what time do you get to business?"

"Eight o'clock, sir!" he answered; "summer and winter; that's what I've done for forty years, and that's what I'll do—please God—till I die!"

"What time do you get home?" I asked.

"Well," he mused, "that's uncertain—sometimes it may be eight—sometimes ten—sometimes, if we are busy, a bit later."

"Sundays?" I suggested.

"Sundays," he answered. "Some people don't hold with it, but, myself, I could never see the harm in honest work. It's a quiet day with us, and I generally reckon to get through with my correspondence on Sundays."

"Holidays?" I asked.

"Holidays! We don't take them in our country. This is the first holiday I've tried for forty years, and never again—they don't suit me—they ain't in my blood!"

"When do you Americans see your wives and families?" I asked him.

"Thanksgiving day, or else at Christmas," he said; "at least I do; I always make a point of it!"

"Judge."

Frappe in Maine.

Simeon Ford has a story of a New York hotel man whose café and restaurant were the resorts of a Bohemian set. This Boniface was spending his vacation in Maine, when one evening he was kept in his hotel by a terrific storm. The windows of his room were broken by hailstones of a size generally compared to hen's eggs.

It happened that the proprietor of the hotel was in the room engaged in conversation with the New Yorker during most of the storm. The hotel man observed that his guest appeared to be laboring under great emotion, so asked:

"Does the storm scare you?"

"Not exactly," was the reply, "but it does jar my heart-strings to see so much cracked ice wasted on a prohibition State."

The Doctor's Advice.

A gentleman who had for years been abusing the pleasures of the table, at last found his health in such a state that he went to consult a celebrated physician, Dr. Spring of Watertown, Massachusetts. The doctor quickly perceived the nature of his disease. "I can cure you, sir," said he, "if you will follow my advice."

The patient promised to do so.

"You must steal a horse."

"What, steal a horse?"

"Yes, you must steal a horse. You will then be arrested, convicted, and placed in a situation where your diet and regimen will be such that in a short time your health will be perfectly restored."

Joe—It seems to me that the story you just told about a sailor is somewhat stale.

Eli—What of it? Do you expect a story about the sea to be fresh?



Among the dances which will come off in January are the High Park Golf Club's tenth annual dance at McConkey's on the 19th, and the Domino Club dance in Temple Building on the 17th.

On Friday, December 15th, Miss Charles gave a most enjoyable walking party for the fourth form of the Toronto Junction Collegiate Institute. The walk, which was through High Park, was delightful, and all the party were quite ready for the beautiful dinner which awaited them at McConkey's.

That always pretty and interesting event, the Normal kindergarten closing, came off with great success on Friday morning of last week, before a huge crowd.

Mr. and Mrs. John Porter Shearer of New York are in town with Mrs. Shearer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Klingner.

Mrs. John D. Reid was the guest of Mrs. Tackaberry of Chatham, the early part of last week, to be present at the marriage of her son, Mr. Percy Reid of the Yukon Territory, to Miss Gertrude Isabel Macpherson of Chatham.

A quiet wedding was solemnized on Tuesday morning, December 19th, at the home of Mrs. Tackaberry, Grant street, Chatham, Ont. when Mr. Percy Reid, Inspector of Mines, Yukon Territory, eldest son of the late John D. Reid of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, was married to Miss Gertrude Isabel Macpherson, younger daughter of the late John P. Macpherson of Chatham. The bridesmaid was Miss Edith Tackaberry, Mr. Herbert Grant Macpherson, brother of the bride, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Reid left on the noon train via Chicago, St. Paul, en route to White Horse, Yukon Territory, where they will reside.

The lovers of Dickens—and their numbers seem never to grow less—enjoyed a thoroughly satisfactory recital of the ever-new "Christmas Carol," by Mr. E. S. Williamson, in the Guild Hall on Wednesday week. It was the first time Dickens' own adaptation of the Carol for recital purposes had been given in Canada, and it is all the more satisfactory that it was then given by a talented young Canadian, in a manner entirely satisfactory both as to elocution, voice adaptation to the various characters and the use of gestures as an aid in making real the matchless story. Mr. Williamson achieved a complete success in this, his latest and most ambitious platform presentation, holding the closest attention of his audience to the conclusion, when Scrooge is transformed into a lover instead of a hater of Christmas, and starts on his work of redeeming his heartless past. Professor Clark made an ideal chairman, and Miss Clemes sang some charming songs in a most artistic way.

Superior Clay.

The late Eugene Field, while on one of his lecturing tours, entered Philadelphia one bright spring morning after that city had endured a three days' rainstorm.

There was some delay at the bridge over the Schuylkill River, and the humorist's attention was attracted by the turgid, coffee-colored stream flowing underneath. "It reminded me so much of my own dear Chicago River," he afterwards explained.

Farther up the river his eye caught a glimpse of the sunlight striking upon the shafts and mortuary columns of an imposing cemetery crowning the heights that overlook the river. He placed a detaining hand on the arm of the colored porter, who was passing at the time, and inquired, in his languid tone, if he were a resident of the Quaker City.

"Yassir!" replied that important functionary, "I was bo'n an' raised yere."

"Don't you people get your drink-

ing water from this stream?" queried Field.

"Yassir! Ain't got no yuther place to git it frum 'cept th' Delaware, an' dat's des' a lil' mo' soupy dan disyer watah. Yassir!"

"Is it filtered before you drink it?"

"No, sah, not as I evah he'd tell of!"

"I should think," said the humorist, "that you would be afraid to drink such water; especially as the seepage from that cemetery I see on the hill must drain directly into the river and pollute it."

"D' ye mean dat big bu'yin' groun' up yander by de tu'n ob de ribber?" inquired the son of Ham. "I reckon yo' all doan' know Philadelphia vey well, sah, aw yo'd know dat's Lau'el Hill Cemetery!"

"Well, what of that?" asked Field, somewhat puzzled at this unlooked-for rejoinder.

"Dat watah doan' hu't us Philadelphians none, sah," replied the native son, with an air of pride. "W'y mos' all ob de folkses bu'id theah aw f'om ouah vey best families!"

Maxims for Neophytes in Yellow Journalism.

Yellow journalism is now an established institution in American life, of ten years' antiquity, and it is possible for the student to codify his observations of this extraordinary development and frame a set of precepts for the neophyte in the craft. As yet, yellow journalists are too busy to devote time to a scientific treatise on their profession; but the following maxims are generally accepted by Mr. Hearst's and Mr. Pulitzer's young men:

Never mind the intellectual class. It is a minute minority in every grade of society. Appeal to those that feel and those that think they think but don't.

Be sentimental, rather than logical, and work on the simple, crude emotions.

Keep the penny arcade in mind as the measure of what most people like; with vaudeville and melodrama for special occasions.

Avoid the subtle and the novel; stick to the obvious and the trite. Old ideas and old jokes, like old wine and old wood, are best.

Endeavor always to have some one mangled; preferably a woman or child. The public enjoys horrible details.

Print a woman's picture on every page. She must always be beautiful, but may be virtuous if none of the other kind is available. A very recent past adds to the human interest. The Nan Patterson type is the best.

Affect a tone of flippant naughtiness; or of deep moral repulsion, according to circumstances, when you write a story of immorality, but don't omit any of the details.

Print a great deal about millionaires and fashionable people. This holds the boarding-house circulation and also the rest of the circulation.

Always have a crusade going against some form of vice. It does not hurt vice, but it helps the paper.

Whatever you are, be interesting. To entertain is to succeed. People forgive any offence except dullness.

Don't bother about consistency. Forget yesterday and let to-morrow take care of itself. The people don't care so long as they are amused.

Stand for the home and fireside against predatory wealth. You can always get advertising from predatory wealth while you have the circulation.

Champion the women, bless 'em. They subscribe for the paper, and the men are not sensitive.

Lincoln Relented.

In the early days of Illinois, when Lincoln was a young lawyer, it was the custom of the profession to go from one county seat to another for the trial of cases. These journeys were made on horseback, and on one occasion a party of lawyers, among them Mr. Lincoln, were riding across the country in the central part of the State.

The road took them through a grove, and as they passed along a little bird, which had fallen from the nest, lay fluttering on the ground and was noticed by several of the horsemen, including Mr. Lincoln.

After riding a short distance he said to his companions, "Wait a moment, I want to go back," and as they stopped for him he was seen to ride

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS**A Holiday Gift Forever****For Every Member of the Family**

A New Scale Williams Piano is the greatest of all Holiday gifts.

Every Williams Piano is mechanically faultless in every portion of material, in every detail of workmanship. The rich singing tone, sensitive action and years of service, prove the expert building of the New Scale Williams the endorsement give it by all great artists and artists judges.

Its very presence dignifies its surroundings. We make it possible for every home to have this gift of Gifts.

A very small first payment—about what the usual New Year's present costs—will place the Piano in your home for the Holidays and we will arrange the future payments to suit your convenience. Come in now and see the choice designs for the New Year.

New York Weber | Simplex Players
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back, dismount, and pick up the little fledgling and carefully put it in the nest.

When he rejoined the party they said: "Why, Lincoln, you need not have stopped for such a trifle as that," but, pausing a little while, he answered quietly, "Well, I feel better for doing it, anyhow."

In the most trying days of the war Lincoln was strolling down Pennsylvania avenue one evening in company with one of his old and intimate friends from Illinois. He was somewhat anxious and depressed, for there still appeared at times a strange melancholic vein in his temperament. He felt grievously the overpowering responsibility of his position, and some special care of the moment rested apprehensively upon his mind.

The two friends walked slowly along in silence, when suddenly a man stepped in front of the President, and, presenting a paper, said:

"Mr. Lincoln, this is the only opportunity I have had to speak to you. Please consider my case. I—"

Here Mr. Lincoln interrupted him impatiently: "My man, don't annoy me this way. I have too much to think of. You must let me alone."

Then he passed on with his companion, leaving the applicant standing dejectedly on the sidewalk.

The two friends walked a short distance without speaking, when suddenly Mr. Lincoln stopped and said:

"John, I treated that man shamefully. I must go back and see him."

And he at once turned and walked up to the petitioner, who had remained in his despondent attitude.

"My friend," said Lincoln, "I was rude to you just now—I ask your pardon. I have a great deal to worry and trouble me at this time, but I had no right to treat you so uncivilly. Take this card, and come to my office in the morning, and I will do what I can for you. Good-night."

That done, he rejoined his friend to resume his melancholy manner, and silently they walked on as before.

A Universal Two-Cent Postage for Letters.

In the London "Times" for October 13 Mr. Henniker Heaton presents at great length the advantages

of adopting his plan of universal penny postage (two cents). The charge for a letter is five times as high as for a newspaper. We already have universal halfpenny (one cent) postage for two ounces of printed matter. Moreover, the question as to whether universal penny postage for letters would succeed is met by the success of the British imperial penny postage.

Since its establishment the number of British letters to and from the colonies has more than doubled. The fact that "restricted unions" exist between the United States and Canada and between Germany and Austria, by which an American, for instance, pays but two cents on a letter to the Dominion, only increases the irritation on the part of the English letters from Dover to Calais than from Dover to Fiji. The distance from Dover to Calais is twenty-one miles; the distance from Dover to Fiji is eleven thousand miles. Anomalies so glaring as these discrepancies cannot be matched, this critic claims, in any other department of the public service. It is doubtful, however, he adds, whether those who would maintain these unjust anomalies have realized how small is the booty at stake compared with the commercial interests involved.

As it Was in the Beginning, Etc.

"What do you suppose that carriage cost me?" asked Louis XV. of Choiseul.

"About 6,000 livres, sire."

"It cost me 30,000."

"Then it is robbery and we must have an investigation."

"No, no, no," the King interposed in a fright. "Let it be; let it be. We must have no reforms. There are too many people interested in keeping things as they are."—Kansas City "Star."

Before the Row.

Mrs. Moriarty—There's a boy wid a brain for ye, Mrs. Dinis!

Mrs. Dinis—Not much, bedad! 'Tis just swelled head that he has—gets it from his father, that has to put his hat on wid a shoohorn every mornin', so he does!



HON. RAYMOND PREFONTAINE,
Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who died suddenly of disease of the heart in Paris, France, on Christmas night.

**Plain Tips**

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If you wish to give your father or brother a really good New Year's gift, you will find just what you want in the apartment and den decorations shown in the Studios of the United Arts & Crafts, 91-93 King St. West.

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Winter term opens Jan. 2nd. Circulars free.

W. J. ELLIOTT,
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Cor. Yonge and Alexander Streets.

An Efficient Ghost Chaser.

There is in Baltimore a gentleman who for some time past has endeavored, with ill success, to induce persons in and about that city to contribute to a fund to be used in convincing the State Legislature of the wisdom of widening the streets visited by the great fire of a year ago. Not long ago this man, while stopping in the town of Laurel, put up with a family who boasted of a haunted room in their house. As a joke the unsuspecting guest was assigned to the haunted chamber.

When he came down to breakfast someone in a waggish mood asked the Baltimore man if he had seen the ghostly visitor. "Sure thing!" exclaimed the unsuccessful canvasser, "but I laid my subscription scheme before him and he vanished immediately!"

When life insurance magnates fall out, policyholders get their due—perhaps.

Sealskins.

After years of unpopularity, sealskins will once more be the proper things in furs. The London smart set has taken them up, and as London is the authority on furs, everyone who can will be wearing sealskins again. For years sealskins have been a drug on the market, and because the fashionable women of London and Paris declared they were bad form, the industry had practically died out. Those connected with the business found that it was not profitable. But sealskins are to be the rage, and accordingly the prices have jumped sky-high to what they were last year. Sealskin sacs cost forty per cent. more than last year, that being the advance in prices realized at the annual sale of sealskins in London when record prices were obtained. The Behring Sea, Copper Island, and British Columbia coast catches of Victoria sealers amounted to 12,000 skins and were sold for from \$23 to \$26, some lots going as high as \$27. The average price last year was \$18. The prices brought in London are the highest on record.

She Was a Talker.

He—Do you remember the night I asked you to marry me?
She—Indeed I do, dear. It was a bright summer's evening, and—
He—Yes. For a whole hour we sat there, and not a word did you speak. Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life.

Mrs. Newwed—Ethel, dear, here comes your new papa on the road.
Ethel (critically)—Was that the best you could do, mamma?



NICK ADAMS
In "Bankers and Brokers" at the Grand next week.

The Origin of South African Diamonds.

One of the interesting papers presented at the South African meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science discussed the diamond pipes and fissures of that region, and accounted for the formation and occurrence of these gems. The diamond-bearing pipes, or veins, in Orange River Colony, Cape Colony, and Pretoria are all contemporaneous in their geological origin, and belong to the late Triassic or Jurassic period. This formation includes the latest eruptive rocks of South Africa, and the blue ground contained in the pipes has resulted from the shattering of ultrabasic rocks. In these rocks garnet, olivine and pyroxene occur, and as diamond has been found crystallized with these minerals, it is inferred that the last named must have originated in the same ultrabasic zone.

This theory is quite at variance with that of Moissan and Sir William Crookes, who claim that iron is necessary for the formation of diamond crystals, and have used it in their production of the artificial crystals by intense heat and pressures. Iron, however, is not found in these diamond mines, and, furthermore, it has been shown that diamonds can be formed in olivine without the great pressures and intense heats which the chemists mentioned have deemed essential. If this new theory holds good it would seem that by a proper study of geological conditions it would be possible to find ground in which it would be reasonable to expect diamond crystals.

A Comedy of Errors.

Jones—It's the most curious case on record.
Brown—Tell me about it.
Jones—Well, you see, he kissed his wife in the dark, supposing it was his sister. She kissed him, supposing it was his brother. They embraced each other for ten minutes before they discovered the real state of affairs. Now they are both trying for a divorce.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Bickford is at present at Grand Hotel Bellevue, San Remo, Italy.

The marriage of Mr. T. Stafford Woods of the Molsons Bank at St. Mary's, and son of His Honor Judge Woods, and Miss Katie Talbot Heald, was solemnized at St. James' Church, St. Mary's, at one o'clock Saturday, December 16th. The bride was brought in and given away by her uncle, Mr. J. Travers Leslie, manager of the Bank of Montreal. She wore an exquisite gown of white silk crepe over white tulle, a coronet of orange blossoms fastening the wedding veil, and the bouquet was of bride roses. The maid of honor, Miss Annie Heald, was daintily gowned in white lace seeded with pearls over white silk. A white hat with ostrich plume and a bouquet of violets completed her costume. The bridesmaid, Miss Leslie, cousin of the bride, wore pale blue silk crepe over blue silk. She wore a black picture hat and carried exquisite pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. H. Walker of Toronto Junction. The service was read by Canon Dann of London, assisted by the Rev. Rural Dean Taylor, rector of St. James'. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests repaired to the residence of Mr. Leslie, where the wedding breakfast was served. The church was prettily decorated. The wedding march was played by Miss Howard. Mr. and Mrs. Woods left at four o'clock for Montreal and other Eastern points, the bride going away in a gown of Burgundy chiffon brocade with hat to match, and mink furs. Mrs. Woods, mother of the groom, wore silver grey silk trimmed with cream lace and touches of pink velvet, and a becoming toque. Mrs. Leslie, aunt of the bride, was handsomely gowned in black silk and net, with hat to match. Guests were present from Hamilton, Chicago, Detroit and other places.

An interesting event took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Shildrick of Hagersville on Tuesday, December 26th, when their eldest daughter, Miss Laura Gertrude Shildrick, late consort of the late Sherbourne street Methodist Church, Toronto, was married to Mr. Will J. Green of Buffalo, the Rev. F. M. Mathers officiating. Miss Irene Shildrick, a wee niece of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. Mr. Ernest M. Shildrick, brother of the bride, played the bridal music. The honeymoon will be spent in Atlantic City, Boston, New York and Washington. Mrs. Green will be at home after January 15th at 69 North Ashland avenue, Buffalo.

Mrs. Matthew Reid of Sunderland, Ont., announces the engagement of her daughter, Margaret Macfarlane (Merle) to Mr. R. Walter McKinnell of Ponoka, Alta. The marriage will take place January 30th.

Mrs. Will P. White will not receive this season owing to her continued illness.

Mrs. Kerr of Galt spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. C. P. Playter of Parkdale.

The engagement is announced of Isabelle Louisa, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Thompson, Toronto, and granddaughter of Sheriff Sweetland of Ottawa, to Mr. Charles Lewis Shaw, B.A., second son of the late William MacNairn Shaw, M.P.P., of Perth. The wedding will take place in St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, Tuesday, January 2nd.

On Thursday, the 21st inst., at "Jamefield," Guelph, the home of the bride, Mr. J. F. Kilgour was married to Miss Geilla McCrae, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae. Rev. Dr. Eakin performed the ceremony. After spending a short honeymoon in Eastern Canada the young couple will return to their home in Brandon, Manitoba.

Invitations are out to the dance given by the Domino Club on January 17th, and the following notes are in order: No programme will be distributed until after the masked dances. Since this is a masquerade ball introductions will be considered unnecessary during the masked dances. It is also imperative that guests shall present the enclosed admission tickets at the door. In order to carry out the general effect and make the ball a success the committee requests that all ladies wear fancy dress and masks and gentlemen dominoes and masks. Patterns for dominoes can be obtained at the departmental stores. For other information telephone the treasurer, Mr. Munz, at Main 5627. During the masked dances no guest will be allowed to enter the ballroom unmasked. The masked dances will commence at 8.30 and will consist of the following: 1. Extra waltz; 2. extra two-step; 3. domino dance. The domino dance will be conducted as follows: The guests will form one grand chain and at a signal the circuit will commence (to music). The music will alter a short time quickly change to waltz measure, when each couple who happen to be together shall dance the waltz until the signal is again given for the grand chain. This dance shall be continued until the signal for unmasking is given.

Winter in the Sunny South.

Do you want to escape the coldest part of our northern winter? Enjoying the sunny days and bright skies down in old Mexico, you will forget that it is February or March. The ideal winter trip is to the wonderful countries of Mexico and Cuba, the winter climate being mild and healthful, the surroundings novel and picturesque. The manners and industries of the people are of interest to all; the commercial possibilities of Mexico will be worth the attention of the business man, while the scholar the land of Montezuma and of Cortes is a glorious field for research. Modern enterprise has removed the difficulties and discomforts hitherto



The delicate candle shade has established itself as an indispensable feature to social occasions.

We have a department devoted to Fancy Candles, Candle Shades and Paper Table-mats, doilies, pie-dish collars, bon bon holders, etc., as well as a beautiful assortment of Electric Light Shades in silk and paper.

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Rib Roast..... 12½c.
Juicy Steak 15c.

You can always depend upon our quality and can shop by phone with as much satisfaction as a personal visit.

W. W. WILLIAMS, 400 Spadina Ave.

Phone Main 1678.

A New Year's Resolve.

By John Kendrick Bangs.
O the first of the year's too cold, I fear.
For the cause of a true reform.
'Twere better to wait for a later date
When things are a bit more warm.

The trouble that lies in the way of the wise
Who'd leave bad habits behind.
Their virtuous sniffs are frozen stiff
By the chill of the winter's wind.

The good intent of the righteous bent
Is nipped by the frosty air,
And the new-turned leaf soon comes
To grief,
And withers beyond repair.

Old Janus bold, with his blasts so cold,
Bites deep on the virtuous nose;
Reform is lost in the awful frost
That comes with the month of snows.

'Twere better by much to await the touch
Of a genial May-day sun
For putting on ice your favorite vice.
With which you at last are done.

For the tenderest flow'r in Nature's bow'r
That time can ever evolve
Is a sturdy oak—and that's no joke—
Compared to a good resolve.

And that is why, with the new year by,
To my vicious ways I cling.
And contra bonos mores go
Till the warmer days of spring.
—Harner's Weekly.

He Understood.

"Willie," said an interesting young mother to her first-born, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulder, "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?"
"Oh, I know," said Willie, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt!"

The Power of Habit.

"In Sullivan, where I spent my boyhood," said Senator Beveridge, "there was a physician whom everybody liked; a hard-working, modest, absent-minded man.
"This physician was the guest of honor one Christmas at the house of a leading citizen, who said to him:
"Now, doctor, on account of your

surgical skill, I'll ask you to carve. None but you could do that turkey justice."
"The physician smiled absently, took the head of the table, raised the knife and made a deep incision in the breast of the turkey.

Then he frowned, rummaged in his pocket and brought out some absorbent cotton, a roll of bandages and a paper of pins. With these he proceeded to dress and bind up the wound he had made.

"The guests looked on in amazement. The doctor inserted the last pin and patted the neat dressing he had made. Then he looked up and smiled.
"And now," he said, "let us hope that in a week, with rest and care, our patient will be on his feet again."
—Chicago "Chronicle."

His Choice.

A missionary calling at a lawyer's residence was interested in the reputation of the four-year-old son of the house.

"When you grow up," said the missionary, "are you going to be a lawyer, like papa?"
"No," the child answered promptly.
"How would you like to be a doctor, like Uncle John?"
"I wouldn't like it," answered the little one.
"How would you like to be a missionary like me, and work for God?"
"I'd rather be God," answered the child decidedly.

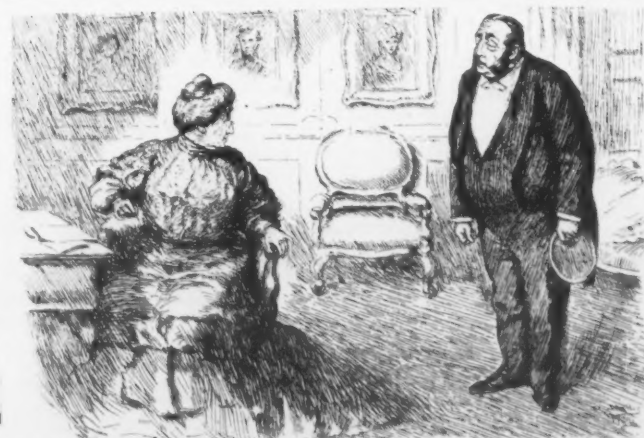
Dog Wanted.

At the last anniversary of the Cheshire school Bishop Brewster told of a minister who apologized for the shortness of his sermon by explaining that his dog had chewed up the first and last pages of his manuscript; whereupon a little boy in the congregation was heard to exclaim, "Say, I wish somebody'd give our minister a purp."

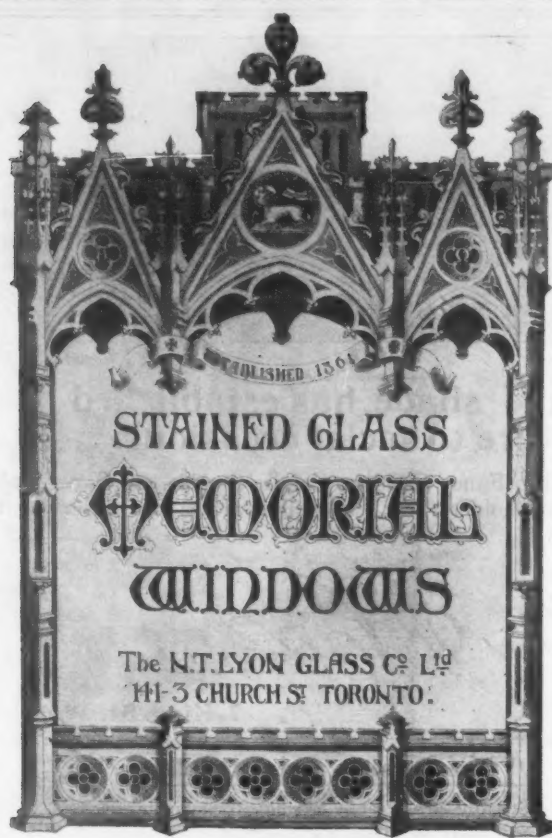
Artistic Coiffures and Hair Goods.

Marcel Ondulations, Coronet Braids, Pompadours, Transformations or Zaza Curls, etc., are the needs of the moment, and contribute in no small degree to the fashionable appearance of the wearer. The Marcelling of Jules & Charles is absolutely unequalled. Their Hair Goods are masterpieces of workmanship and quality such as one seldom finds on this side the Atlantic.

Visitors in town should seize the opportunity to consult these clever hair specialists.
The facilities for ordering and consulting by mail are excellent.



Her Ladyship (who has been away from home for Christmas)—Well, Blundell, I hope you all had an enjoyable Christmas dinner?
Blundell—Yes, thank you, my lady. Ahem! I—er—took the liberty of obtaining—in the absence of Your Ladyship—the biggest goose procurable!



Peculiarities of King Carlos.

King Carlos of Portugal is not easy to entertain, as President Loubet discovered. He has one royal trick which is not exactly becoming to a philosopher—once his lip has touched a glass that glass must be replaced. Twenty sips means twenty glasses, whence much waste of liquor and twenty-fold work for the waiters. This singular trait had been overlooked at the first dinner at the Elysées, and King Carlos, who is a mighty man of cups, showed an ominously black countenance until the servants slowly realized what was expected of them. Never was the President's smile of good-natured cynicism more in evidence than when he watched this comedy of royal rage. He, however, took King Carlos seriously, and in his zeal to satisfy the royal palate made a morning visit to the kitchens of the Elysées, where the famous M. Tesch presides over the pots and pans. It was the first time since the Presidency of M. Grévy that a chief of state had descended to those regions, and Tesch was annoyed, as his cold courtesy showed, and the President had the air of regretting his temerity in hinting the slightest lack of confidence. King Carlos earned the reputation of being the hungriest of monarchs. His three chief meals are colossal, and he can not exist without a snack and a pull every two hours. Now that he is theoretically incognito, he strolls into bars and tea-rooms when his hour strikes, and it is even hinted that he was once seen in an automatic luncheon-room on the boulevard, gulping five-cent sandwiches, too hungry to endure the delay of chic restaurants.

Vanity Fair.

The authorities of Indiana have taken up the question of cosmetics. The order has gone forth that every box containing preparations to be used on the face shall be plainly marked with skull and crossbones. Unless it is thus stamped it cannot be sold in the State. In explaining this action, the officials maintain that cosmetics are poisonous, but the prime object of the reform is doubtless much larger. It is reasonable to assume that its chief purpose is to put down the powder-puff, or its still more deadly companion, the powder-rag, which, instead of being used as an ordinary article of the toilet, is carried everywhere, secretly hidden away in hand-bags and reticules in company with a pocket-mirror. The secrecy is useless, for the owner soon betrays herself. At one moment she appears fatigued, depressed and ill at ease. A few seconds' stealthy communion with the mirror and the stimulating powder-rag, and she suddenly appears blooming, fresh, and happy. In hopeless cases, she may even be observed making furtive dabs with the implement in public.

At the Top.

A well known author was once introduced to a rather fascinating but frivolous and fickle widow in Philadelphia. That evening the fair one had been indulging in tender reminiscence of the departed. "Ah!" she sighed, "no other man can ever fill dear Jack's place. I loved him from the bottom of my heart." "True," suggested the writer, who was aware of the lady's weakness, "but, remember, there is always room at the top!"

A Studious Girl.

A girl who could spell Deuteronomy. And had studied domestic economy. Went to skate at the rink. And, as quick as wink, She sat down to study astronomy.

Useful Dairy Product.

Mrs. Silver was a serious-minded person at all times, but there were moments when her neighbor the Bishop was frivolous. The Bishop had just returned from spending the winter in South Carolina.

Mrs. Silver, after greeting him warmly, asked what feature of life in the South made the greatest impression on him.

"Well," replied the Bishop, after a

moment of deep thought, "I don't know of anything that impressed me more than seeing a lot of cows eating oyster-shells."

"Did you observe," queried Mrs. Silver earnestly, "that this diet made any perceptible difference in the flavor of the milk?" "I should say I did!" responded the Bishop. "Why, my dear woman, all the cows in South Carolina give oyster-soup."

Queer.

Mr. Andrew Lang tells the following anecdote of an old Scotchman whom he met at a country hotel when he was traveling in a rural section of Scotland: In the middle of a long antiquarian discourse, he suddenly, without rhyme or reason, observed: "Man! a queer thing happened to me on Friday! A' was sleeping at — inn, indicating a certain hotel in a particularly lonely place. A' locked the door and the windows, and gaed to ma bed, and fell asleep after a lang day in the hills. Suddenly A' wakened. There was a body in the bed wi' me!"

At this point of his remarks Mr. Lang endeavored to bring the old man to time with a normal explanation of the case, but he took no notice. "There was," the old Scotchman continued, "a body in the bed wi' me. I got up, lighted a candle, and lookit at the door and the windows. They were shut tight. I lookit in the bed. There was naething and naebody. I got in again, fell asleep, and waked again. There was the body wi' me in the bed. A' lookit again, but naething could A' find. Now, the queer thing is that A' thoct naething o' the matter till next day in the afternoon, and then I thoct it was kind o' unco'."

Even Mr. Lang, long inured as he is to such stories, admits that this narrative was 'kind of unco'."

Modjeska and Farce.

Madame Modjeska's husband, Count Boyenta, who was for many years her active business manager, used to tell, with a droll smile, but with the solemn assurance of its truth, a story of how Senator H. A. W. Tabor, the celebrated Colorado millionaire and politician, and the builder of the historic Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver, wanted Modjeska to play farce.

Count Boyenta was arranging with Senator Tabor for Madame Modjeska's first appearance in Denver—an occasion which Eugene Field afterward celebrated in his poem, "When Modjeska Played Kameel"—and the founder of dramatic art in the "City of Mountain and Plain" demanded her "repertory."

"Well," said the Count, "there is 'Mary Stuart.'"

"Who wrote it?" asked Tabor.

"Schiller," said the Count.

"Is he a first-class dramatist?" asked Tabor.

"Surely, surely," said the Count.

"He is most illustrious."

"Humph! Never heard of him," commented Tabor. "What else does she do?"

"As You Like It," "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Macbeth."

"Who wrote them?"

"Shakespeare."

"How's he? Good writer?"

"Excellent. Excellent."

"Well," said Tabor, ruminatively, "those fellows may be all right as authors, but they ain't well enough known to suit the people out here. What we want is something popular—something that everybody's heard of. I tell you what you do. You get her to give us something of Hoyt's."

Wanted a Different Poish.

Jacob Riis has a story of a little lad who shines shoes for a living. This boy goes to a mission Sunday school, and was keenly disappointed when, at Christmas-time, his gift from the tree turned out to be a copy of Browning's poems.

Next Sunday, however, the superintendent announced that any child not pleased with his gift could have it exchanged. Jimmie marched boldly to the front with his.

"What have you there, Jimmie?"

"Browning."

"And what do you want in exchange?"

"Blacking!"

A Patch.

(The Luther-Burbankian Version of Swinburne's "A Patch.")

The pink is what the rose is,
The lily like the phlox;
I make them grow together,
In bright or cloudy weather,
In fields or flowerful closes,
In pot or window-box—
The pink is what the rose is,
The lily like the phlox.

The pear and the tomato,
The pickle and the plum,
Now fraternize as brothers,
And I have planned some others—
I've grown a sweet potato
That gives us chewing-gum,
Paired with the pear-tomato,
The pickle and the plum.

With sugar-cane and quinces
And watermelon-vine
I'll grow you cans of jelly;
Or strands of vermicelli—
Such the bohemian minces
And calls both fair and fine—
With sugar-cane and quinces
And watermelon-vine.

The pumpkin and the apple,
The apricot and peach,
Blend in a hybrid, handy
To boil to luscious candy,
Or can be turned to scrapple,
Commingled each with each—
The pumpkin and the apple,
The apricot and peach.

If burdock leaves were lettuce?
If onion tops were rye?
But why be speculating?
Speak up, and don't stand waiting
Such problems do not fret us—
You need not idly sigh:
"If burdock leaves were lettuce,
And onion tops were rye!"

The pink is what the rose is,
The lily like the phlox—
I join the pear and panny,
To please my idle fancy:
They call such work osmosis.
But theories it mocks—
The pink is what the rose is,
The lily like the phlox.
—Wilbur D. Nesbit in "Harper's Magazine."

A Device to Prevent a Ship's Rolling.

A German engineer, Otto Schlick, has for several years studied the oscillation of vessels most carefully, and after considerable research and calculation has reached the conclusion that the motion can be greatly reduced through using a gyroscopic mechanism. The gyroscope is a well-known piece of physical apparatus, and resembles a top, being a heavy wheel or disc so supported that it can revolve rapidly on any plane. It is found, however, that such a disc when once set in motion tends to remain on its original plane, and resists a force tending to displace it.

Here Schlick, therefore, proposes to steady ships at sea by mounting a gyroscope in the hold, and his first experiments on a large scale have been undertaken with an old torpedo boat. In this craft a gyroscope with a disc weighing 1036 pounds was mounted with a steam turbine which could rotate it at a speed of over 2000 revolutions per minute. The oscillations and pitching of the vessel were carefully measured before the steam was admitted to the turbine, and then when the gyroscope was put in revolution the motion practically ceased. So successful were these experiments with the sixty-ton torpedo boat that it has been decided to proceed with a larger craft. The availability of this device for vessels on the English Channel has been suggested, as here increased speed and comfort would more than compensate for loss of power and cargo space.

He Never Came Back.

A Californian relates the following as illustrating the aptness evinced by a Chinese servant in his employ for an easy assimilation of American methods of dealing with the "hobo."



R. E. GRAHAM.

Who plays the character of August Melon in B. C. Whitney's musical cocktail, "Piff Paff Pouff!" at the Princess-New Year's Week.

type that is not less common in California than in the East.

A hungry tramp knocked at the kitchen door of the Californian's house one Tuesday afternoon, when he was promptly challenged by Lee Yuen. The "hobo" delivered himself of a long tale of woe to the Chinaman, concluding with a petition for something to eat.

"You like fish?" suavely insinuated the Chinese.

"Yes!" eagerly assented the tramp. "Call Fliday," responded Lee, with an imperturbable smile, as he closed the door.

A Two-Sided Reason.

In the early boom days of Atlantic City a meeting of the City Fathers was held to vote on the question of fencing in that piece of ground set aside by the city for the burying of the unknown dead who were cast up by the sea. Before it was put to vote an old salt, whose mind was intensely practical, arose and expressed his views.

"My fellow-members, in regard to this putting up of a fence, I think we'd better go a little slow. Five hundred dollars is a heap of money to spend to enclose a lot which, God knows, none of us that are out wish to get into, and none of them that are in can get out of."

The fence was not put up.

Handy to Have a Doctor.

A certain country minister was the owner of a swift and spirited horse. On one occasion, while he was driving through the village, he overtook the local physician on foot.

"Jump in, doctor," he said, pulling up. "I've got a horse here that goes pretty well!"

The doctor jumped in and the parson drove off. The horse did go well, in the sense of speed, but in a little while it began to behave badly, and ended by tipping over the carriage and spilling out both the occupants. The doctor jumped to his feet and felt himself all over to see if he were injured. The parson also got to his feet.

"Look here!" exclaimed the doctor: "what do you mean by inviting me to ride behind a horse like that?" "Well, you see," gasped the parson, "I always like to have a doctor with me when I drive that animal!"

Looked Him Square in the Face.

"That gentleman who has just passed us," remarked Brown to Robinson, "I have met several times, and, if he notices you at all, he looks you square in the face. I like that style of man."

"Yes," replied Robinson, "he is my barber, and possibly wants to see if you don't need a shave."

The Incurable Kid.

The Kansas papers tell how a school teacher was giving his pupils a lesson regarding the circulation of the blood. "If I stand on my head, by way of illustration, the blood rushes to my head, doesn't it?" Nobody contradicted him. "Now," he continued, "when I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood rush into my feet?" "Because," answered a daring youth, "your feet ain't empty."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

MARKS—Deer Park, December 20, Mrs. G. W. Marks, a daughter.
McMAHON—Toronto, December 19, Mrs. F. McMahon, a son.
SMITH—Toronto, December 23, Mrs. G. Oswald Smith, a son.
STEWART—At 160 Walmer road, Toronto, on Saturday, December 23, to Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Stewart, a son.
YOUNG—Toronto, Mrs. William Young, a son.

Marriages.

GREEN—SHILDRICK—At Hagersville, Tuesday, December 26, by

Sale Extraordinary of High-Grade ORIENTAL RUGS

Our December sale has been a record-breaker, amounting to six times more than previous years. This is a proof that we have the largest and finest stock to select from and our prices are beyond competition.

We invite connoisseurs and Oriental rug lovers to inspect our present exceptionally large collection of antique and rare rugs, unsurpassed in America.

Our assortment of Drawing-room and Dining-room Carpets is big and incomparable.

Our aim is to give perfect and permanent satisfaction to our patrons.

In order to make our January sale also a record-breaker we will give during this month a discount from

25 to 35 per cent.

Come to Headquarters for Oriental Rugs, you will be doubly repaid by visiting our stores before deciding to purchase.

Mail Order are promptly attended to.

Courian, Babayan & Co.

40 King St. East, Toronto.

Opposite King Edward Hotel.

Best confectioners from Halifax, N.S. to Victoria, B.C.

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Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts in full weight 1/2, 1, 2, 3, and 5 pound boxes.

35 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

GANONG BROS. LIMITED - St. Stephen, N.B.

Rev. F. M. Mathers, Laura Gertrude Shildrick of Hagersville to Will J. Green of Buffalo.

KILGOUR—McRAE—At Guelph, on December 21, by Rev. Dr. Edgar Gills McCrae, only daughter of Lieutenant McCrae of Guelph, to J. F. Kilgour of Brandon, Man.

STONE—SCOTT—At the residence of the bride's parents, 922 North Alabama street, Indianapolis, Ind., on December 26, 1905, by the Rev. Joshua Standfield, Rose Mary, youngest daughter of Jacob A. Scott, to Frank W. Stone, youngest son of William Stone, Woodstock, Ont.

ADDISON—ADAMS—Toronto, December 25, Eleanor Corhill Adams to Dr. W. H. F. Addison.

COATES—ROPER—Toronto, December 21, Edith Kate Roper to Preston Charles Coates.

TOD—WRIGHT—Owen Sound, December 20, Jean M. Wright to Robert Muir Tod.

WARD—BRIDGLAND—Toronto, December 25, Bessie M. Bridgland to Henry Ward, B.A.

McCORMACK—TAYLOR—Toronto, December 27, Camille Maud Taylor to James Mines McCormack.

SMYTH—KENNEDY—Toronto, December 26, Margaret Mabel Kennedy to Charles Jasper Smyth.

TAYLOR—WEAVER—Toronto, December 27, Mary Kathleen Weaver to Claud Beresford Taylor.

WRIGHT—TILT—Toronto, December 25, Marion Maude Newell Tilt to Percival A. Morris Wright, Phm.B.

Deaths.

JENKINS—On December 26, Thomas Ferriss, infant son of Thomas and F. M. Jenkins, aged 10 months.

BEDDOW—Toronto, December 24, Mrs. Caroline Badger Beddow, aged 82 years.

BURNS—Toronto, December 25, Mrs. Martin J. Burns, aged 66 years.

CARMICHAEL—Toronto, December 23, Eliza E. Carmichael, aged 83 years.

CASSADY—Toronto, December 22, James E. Cassidy, aged 41 years.

CLIFF—Toronto, December 26, Mrs. Charlotte L. Cliff, aged 26 years.

CROCKER—Toronto, December 25, James Crocker, aged 77 years.

CRONE—Toronto, December 27, William N. Crone.

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Phone M. 931 385 Yonge Street

CROWELL—Toronto, December 26, Mrs. Jane Crowell, aged 84 years.

DENHOLM—December 27, Jessie Campbell Denholm.

HART—Toronto, December 27, Mrs. Anthony Hart.

HAYHOE—Toronto, December 24, Mrs. R. J. Hayhoe.

HORNIBROOK—Toronto, December 21, Mrs. John T. Hornibrook, aged 54 years.

HOULT—December 24, Mrs. Sarah Houlst.

JARDINE—Toronto, December 21, Mrs. Harriet Jardine, aged 54 years.

McFAUL—Toronto, December 23, Dr. J. H. McFaul.

McMILLAN—Toronto, December 26, Mrs. Christina McMILLAN, aged 60 years.

McQUEEN—General Hospital, Toronto, December 20, Helen Anderson McQueen.

MITCHELL—Toronto, December 26, Joseph H. Mitchell, aged 83 years.

ROGERS—Toronto, December 26, Mrs. T. K. Rogers.

ROGERS—Cayuga, December 24, Major John H. Rogers, aged 82 years.

ROY—Toronto, December 26, William F. T. Roy, aged 66 years.

SCOTT—Toronto, December 27, Mrs. Sarah Ann Scott, aged 61 years.

TAYLOR—Toronto, December 21, Mrs. Eliza J. Taylor.

THOMSON—Toronto, December 25, Mrs. Bruce Allan Thomson.

WATKINS—Regina, December 24, James Watkins, aged 21 years.

WILLIAMS—London, England, December 25, Henry Williams.